



DISORDER

WINTER 2016

BERLIN! PUNK! SWEATSHOPS! SWINGERS! HIJABS! BIKER CHICKS!



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DISORDER

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Out of chaos comes ***Disorder***... well, yes and no. Chaos theory is fascinating. Chaos reality is all sorts of horror. It's my duty to tame the stallion, not to perpetrate more chaos under the guise of creativity. ***Disorder*** exists as a vehicle for upcoming talent. Our contributors are young, often students, on the road to realising their potential. **And this editor's letter is an invitation, to get in touch, to feedback, to collaborate, to use us as a platform.** We're here for you. We are yours.



PHOTOGRAPH BY: ARMIN WEISHEIT

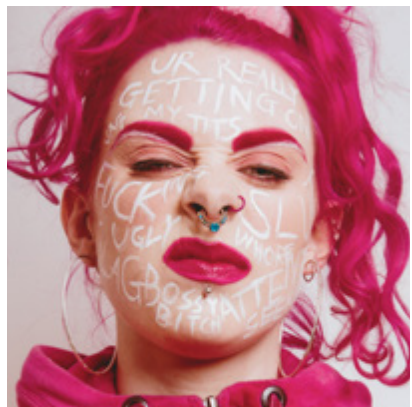
Identity has dominated our thoughts — personal, social and specifically the identity of the magazine. This issue, we have established templates, shaped a point of view and committed ourselves to scratching away the veil of received, restrictive thinking. Editing is making choices. Our choices should challenge and inspire: bite and balm. We've left in all the swearing, a flash of nudity and the dirty sex jokes, because that feels real, albeit in a curated, polished reality. We have chosen stories from fashion to smoking, from performance to film, from music to swinging. We have content that will endure, that's worth keeping around. The pillars of the magazine are in full effect: original opinion, interviews, shoots... which flow onto the website to meet and mingle with behind-the-scenes filmmaking and SoundCheck sessions for newer artists.

We are live! Live with us.
#tellyourfriends

OLIVER HORTON, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR



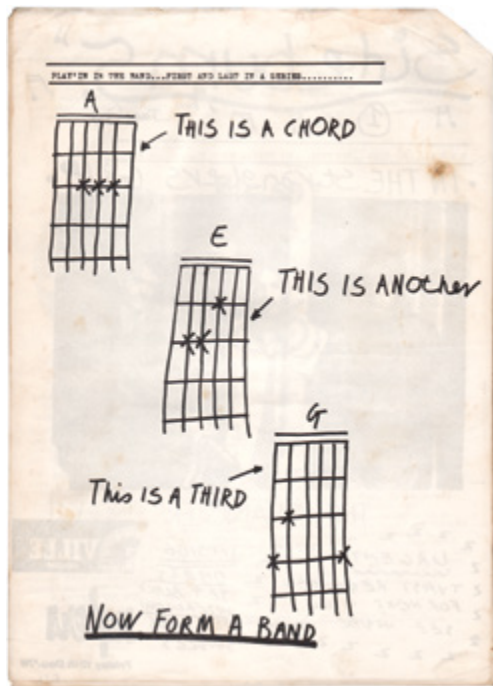
FLOORED AND FLAWED: THE ISSUE IN THE MAKING



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FROM THE PIT 120

HYPE

NEW STUFF... MOSTLY



ONE TO WATCH

LADY
LESHURR

Bubbling up for a while, Lady Leshurr surged to the surface when her "Queen's Speech 4" freestyle went viral. Known off-stage as Melesha O'Garro, she has supreme gift of the gab. Born in the Midlands to parents from the Caribbean, she geared up from poetry to mixtapes to raps and songs — collaborating with Tinie Tempah and Wiley. Now it's Timbaland as she prepares to release her debut album. Yeah, her debut. Her second coming is also her first. Cos she's also

acted (in the movie *1 Day*) and has stage presence to die for. Her influences include Sister Nancy, Ms Dynamite, Eminem and Lil Wayne. When she was little she had 11 fingers, but not no more. Apart from being cool, she is also very pro other female artists. "We've got to stick together," she says. If you need an introduction, pull up YouTube for her piss-take of Chris Brown's song "Look At Me Now", or with Wiley, "Where Are You Now?"

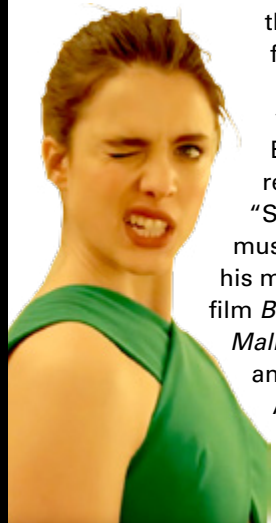
Endorsements

KENZO WORLD

JETHRO MARSHALL

The circle is complete, the underground is the overground, the overground is etc etc. Spike Jonze, instigator of the NY hipster scene, darling of 90s street culture, creates a money grabbing, credibility sapping *gasp* fragrance commercial. But wait, this is for Kenzo, the Paris fashion house reinvigorated by the new school hipster credentials of Opening Ceremony duo Carol Lim and Humberto Leon. So in this genius brand-client-supplier triumvirate comes a game-changing, anti-romance belter of new luxury advertising. Jonze maps out an immaculately choreographed (Ryan Heffington), wonderfully cast (Margaret Qualley), pumping soundtracked (Sam Spiegel + Assassin) two fingers to "society" events and sensibility. Not bad for a BMXing, skateboarding photographer who cut his teeth on lo-budget editorial. But it's this spirited irreverence that underpins his approach to all his projects and makes him the creative director's creative director of today. Highly recommend you also dial up his 1991

Video Days, the blueprint for every other skate video, the Beastie Boys' retro-captured "Sabotage" music video, his mad feature film *Being John Malkovich* or another video, Arcade Fire's "The Suburbs".



POLAROID / IMPOSSIBLE PROJECT

LAUREN NAPIER

Impossible film provides a contemporary way to enjoy the vintage charm of Polaroid. The film suits hobbyists, especially if all one wishes to do is snap photos of the cat or a sunset, but the film also suits grainy photo stories that echo the energy of a Helmut Newton shoot or one of Patti Smith's film tributes. The Third Man Records Edition of the film is no different. A cast of black and yellow veils instant images, crafting photos camouflaged with Jack White's creative empire. The quality difference between Impossible film and even expired packs of Polaroid film is noticeable. They fade after a time, decreasing the photos' crisp longevity. However, one is not deprived of the temptation and enjoyment of instant film. That endures. Lauren Napier's Polaroid-powered, alternative guide to Berlin can be found later in this issue.

V&A: REVOLUTION, RECORDS AND REBELS 1966-1970

JADE RYALS

Levi's sponsored this exhibition, so if you're the sort of museum-goer who likes the shopping best, the pair of jeans you are supposed to buy is the Levi's 505, the



same style proto-punk band The Ramones wore and which featured, thanks to Andy Warhol, on the cover of the Rolling Stones' not-very-good album *Sticky Fingers*. Album covers abound at this show, which is too crowd-pleasey at times... a warm-up act for the upcoming Pink Floyd



retrospective. There are poignant moments, however. Curators Victoria Broackes and Geoffrey Marsh are concerned with the white heat of liberalism in the period. Britain in 1965: homosexuality and abortion were outlawed, only married women could get the pill, divorce was out of reach of most, racial discrimination was a national pastime and there was still censorship in the theatre. The spirit of tolerance threatened now by UKIP et al. arrived in this shifting half-decade. If you want to learn where freedom of choice came from, this isn't a bad place to start.

The Victoria & Albert (V&A) museum is a large building in Kensington. Revolution etc. runs to February 26, 2017: vam.ac.uk

FREE GUIDED MEDITATION

SANDRA DEE

What is there for UCLA's faculty and students to get stressed about? Campus life in SoCal must be like one long episode of *The O.C.* with vegan burritos, right? Anyhoo, I tap into UCLA's online sessions from its Mindfulness Awareness Research Centre. The good people at MARC explain: "In the last ten years, significant research has shown mindfulness to address health issues such as: lower blood pressure and boost the immune system; increase attention and focus, including aid those suffering from ADHD; and help with difficult mental states such as anxiety and depression, fostering well-being." You can try the guided sessions, which range from three-minute body scans to complete meditation instructions of around 20 minutes. Think of them as a moment to stop, breathe and connect with your inner experience. If you have more time and want to go a little deeper, you can listen to the weekly drop-in sessions, which include a talk followed by guided meditation. Do them anywhere you feel comfortable (I opt for the morning bus ride). Indulge in a little Californi-aahh.

NEXT EXIT



Anti-Vietnam War demonstrators at the Pentagon Building, 1967. Photo by Bernie Boston. The Washington Post via Getty Images

**ART IS THE HIGHEST
FORM OF HOPE &
OTHER QUOTES
BY ARTISTS,
PUBLISHED BY
PHAIDON**

OLIVER HORTON

Released October '16, this is a handy, dip-in/dip-out collection of quotes from more than 300 artists — Michelangelo, Cindy Sherman, Salvador Dali, Bridget Riley. More than inspiration, the book gives an empathetic insight into the artistic life, from colour palettes ("If I could find anything blacker than black I'd use it" — JMW Turner), to booze & drugs ("Acid is very strong so you don't take it every day" — Yoko Ono), to sex ("The most exciting thing is not-doing-it" — Andy Warhol). I opened the package over coffee and the graphic, monochrome cover drew in a charming stranger.

All "new" quotes — sources catalogued at the end — not a repackaging of the same-old, *Art is...* is a companion, a guide and a friend for the lonely business of creativity.

IN A
BURNING
BUILDING,
I WOULD
SAVE A CAT
BEFORE A
REMBRANDT.

ALBERTO SACCONETTI



ONE TO WATCH

GIRLI

Girli makes songs that say something. Labelled bratpop for her music and confrontational style (tossing tampons at her audience), the 18-year-old has put in the graft, playing open mic nights and producing her own demos in the three years she's been creating tunes. Real name Milly Toomey, though don't use it to her face, Girli has tracks called "Girl I Met On The Internet" and "So You Think You Can Fuck With Me Do Ya?" that tie up pop, punk and rap. In fact, doesn't the word "bratty" sound like something the patriarchal press would call a girl with pink hair and metal through her nose? If she were a boy they'd say she was a proper rebel. As you can imagine, she takes some stick. Writes her own material, too — doesn't let some Simon Cowell-type stooge toss off soppy bollocks on her behalf. Gets a bit of social conscience going. She once tweeted: "Someone's song is like their diary entry, think of that before you slate it."

You go, Girli.

Girli plays The Camden Assembly on November 24, 2016.

ONE TO WATCH

PAUL CARRIGAN

"I originally started accountancy but only because a lot of young people have their parents push them into a career path and I had that pressure. That swiftly changed, because I had a need to create, which turned my focus away from balance sheets. I had always done what people had told me and been a good kid. When I reached university, I reached a place where I was able to make my own decisions. It was that fascination I had for creativity that I became a model. I didn't see past Fashion Week or photoshoots. I was looking forward to the travelling aspect of it, to experiencing new languages and cultures. That is what excited me initially. Having been through all of that and made connections, it made it a seamless move into what I do now, which is production. It was basically being on set and me feeling like my brain was turning into mush. I was not really paying attention to anything and it was kind of like wasting time. So I decided to actively pay attention to everybody's role on set. Whether it was the stylist, the make-up artist, hair stylist or caterer... From there it was essentially gathering a Rolodex of contacts and through that I used my clients in modelling to end up in the production process. They trusted me that I can first of all perform in front of the camera, but they also trusted my vision. From there it's taken a further step where I take more of a director's role, whether it involves stills or films. I'm now more of a creative director. Being a male model, you need to develop a very thick skin initially to even break into the industry. The industry is based on what the client wants and not with who you see yourself as. Nothing is personal; it's about what looks best. You need to look after yourself which is so crucial."

As told to Francesca Atendido. For more Paul Carrigan, skip to the second half of the magazine to discover our All Hail The Veil photoshoot.



Photography: Darren Black

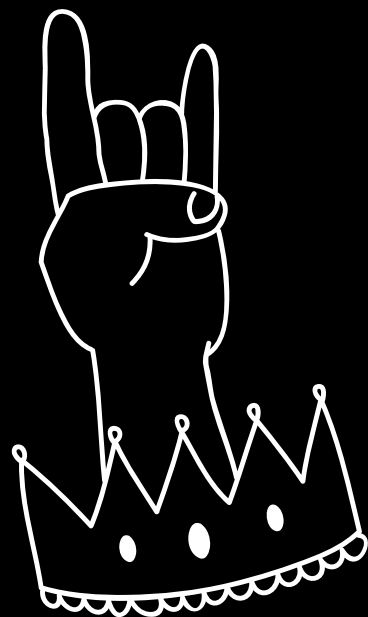
TOUGH L O V E

A PROBLEM SHARED IS A PROBLEM SOMEONE ELSE KNOWS ABOUT. THIS EDITION'S AGONY UNCLE IS **SAM HILL**, WHO'S KINDER THAN A KINDER EGG EXCEPT IN PRINT. HERE ARE YOUR FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS...



DEAR DISORDER, I'm a recent university graduate and seem to have never-ending financial issues, a problem for which I cannot find a solution. I currently work about 60 hours through two different jobs. I was told going to university gets you ahead in life and helps you get the job of your dreams, but I'm wondering how long until that happens? Is there anything I'm missing or need to do in the meantime while I'm waiting for my diploma to really take effect?

YOU REMEMBER WHEN you were off to University and so was most of your class? That's the problem right there, being nothing special. You've delayed leaving school by three, four, seven years and those few doltish fellas who became plumbers or whatever are already driving BMW's and own a palace in Chingford, while you've just got the memory of sundry sordid sexual encounters and the weight of cheap alcohol dragging on your bones. Plus, y'know, all that money owed. Being clever didn't really work out, hey? Best advice is to focus on something you love, person or job or artwork, and offset that against another decade of debt-chiselling misery. Sorry.



DEAR DISORDER, after reading about The Clash and other true punk rock bands that stayed clear of the Capitalist music industry machine, I've got an itch to start a revolution of my own. I can find a plethora of literature on the subject of how they went about their radical mission, but I can't seem to find anything on how they actually changed the world — they most obviously did if they're in the history books. How do you start and maintain a Revolution? How could I start and maintain my own as we drown in this world of Capitalist issues and political agendas? How can I be more like the members of The Clash?

A REVOLUTION is just going around in a circle, which you can surely do, until you get dizzy and fall over. The Clash didn't accomplish shit, which is why we still have poverty, racism and a monarchy. Their achievement was making good songs and addressing political issues. At the same time. But they probably enjoyed their biggest audience when they sold a song for a Levi's ad. You want to start a revolution? Watch Adam Curtis documentaries. Understand that politics is nothing. Change will only come via action and clear vision! Then go and make some friends.

DEAR DISORDER, I don't like the cold months and want a boyfriend to snuggle up with until spring. My plan is to go on a load of dates, but I'm a bit worried about the physical part. What is the right pace? Are there rules for putting out or whatever? I don't want to seem too chilly, but I know guys take advantage if you don't have a plan of resistance.

I USED TO KNOW THIS GUY whose holy grail was a 15-min shag: from hello to penetration in quarter of an hour. But he lived in Spain; things are different there. When dating the only rule is: if you order the lobster you have to fuck him. Outside of that it's a grey area. User discretion advised... For single gay men, simply making eye contact is an invitation to oral sex. So there is no pace that you need to consult or work to. What you stick in your body is your deal. A warm-blooded boyfriend can be great for "cuffing season". But an electric blanket and a dolphin vibrator are a happy alternative.



DEAR DISORDER, my boss has been hitting on me. I've been waitressing at this place for a while, and I like the people and the work. He's older and married, however. I just want to get away clean, how do I handle the attention?

THE FIRST RULE OF BEING A NEW EMPLOYEE IS: avoid the guy who sleeps with all the newbies. I mean, ewwww. That said, the older man is every girl's and boy's rite of passage (ask your mum, or your camp uncle). It's even in the cliché answer about past lovers. "Only two, my darling: the young boy who broke my heart and the older man who taught me to fuck." If you surrender to curiosity, better bed a silver fox you actually like, and who actually likes you. If he's just after a shag, and he's likely to blab, move right along. And if he's too pushy, dose him with pepper spray. Best practice is to keep work and love separate, but no-one does, so get used to it. Seriously, you'll be dealing with this crap your entire twenties, and it can go bad. This is the world telling you to build a "fuck off fund" — a couple of grand in savings that means you can fuck off from a job, fuck off from a bad boyfriend and still pay your rent for a couple of months. Money is power.



DEAR DISORDER, I've always had issues with housemates whether it's them not cleaning up their dishes or stealing all of my furniture. I finally found a flatmate who seems to be a great fit: he cleans up after himself, he mostly keeps to himself, and he makes these delicious meals that he's only too happy to share. However, there are a few things... Sometimes when I walk by his room, the smell can be so bad that it makes my eyes water. His personal hygiene seems to be in order, but his room just reeks. I've made some passing comments about it and he gets a tad weird and insists that he'll fix it, but never to go in his room. I'm assuming it's some rotting food as I've noticed that some kitchen cutlery has gone missing and the smell does eventually go away, only to return a few days later. And he plays some really strange European rock music that puts my teeth on edge. It's never too late into the night, nor is it too loud, but the banging noises and the weirdly realistic human screams put me off tending to my bonsai garden. He is a great guy if not a little odd, what should I do?

LIKE THE TV SHOW *HANNIBAL*, HUH? Like a little fake gothic and plastic gore? Dream of being eaten (out) by handsome Dane Mads Mikkelsen? Yeah, I see through your serial killer fantasy bullshit. Now fuck off back to your *Twilight* books and leave us alone.

NEXT ISSUE:

"Bedroom" tips from a Scandinavian sex worker!

Send your dilemmas to submissions@disordermagazine.com



ONE TO WATCH ROBERTS WOOD

Katie Roberts-Wood won the Fashion Scout Merit Award in September '15, and launched her first collection of Roberts | Wood for SS16. The RCA MA graduate has created a luxury concept brand, elevated by her technically innovative construction, in a bold, ethereal aesthetic. Still in its first year, the brand has been stocked by Dover Street Market and 10 Corso Como — a couple of the best stores in the world. Smart and sexy, the brand is determinedly feminine,

curiously dreamlike and undeniably strong. Katie's stylish, romantic SS17 presentation at London Fashion Week took place at the Institute of the Contemporary Arts (ICA) and was one of our highlights of the upcoming season.

ONES TO WATCH SHEL



A band of sisters. A sisterhood of melody. SHEL is a four-piece band based in Colorado. Not content with solely attracting the attention of Eurythmics' Dave Stewart, they are building a buzz garnered from festivals such as Reeperbahn and New West Fest. Their harmony, authenticity, and clear passion for being on stage, makes them difficult, and foolish, to ignore. Catchy single "You Could Be My Baby" and cover of Led Zeppelin's "Battle of Evermore" are hard to overlook. Listening to Eva Holbrook's delicate crooning paired with sister Liza's beatboxing is an indulgence. **LN**



ONES TO WATCH DYSNEA BOYS

The lead singer's microphone slips from betwixt sweaty palms. The bassist and guitarist lock eyes. My ears ring in anticipation of the guitar distortion. The boys from Dysnea Boys are often asked to open the larger punk shows in Berlin; watching them live, you can see why. Jason Honea, the lead singer, ploughs the band forward

with his California swagger reminiscent of Tony Reflex of the Adolescents or T.S.O.L.'s Jack Grisham. As their set at Lido, Berlin, draws to a close, murmurs wash through the crowd. And then bays, as the band leave the stage, scrambling from the chaos. We. Want. More. **LN**

OPTIMISTIC BUBBLE

There's only one aim in life and that is finding the thing you most love, and then spending as much of your time enjoying that thing or person or phenomenon. It doesn't really matter what that love is. Lemmy, rocker, him outta Motörhead, him of the terrifying sidewhiskers, once said, "It doesn't matter if it's the sappiest love song, if it touches your heart, it's good music." That's pretty good advice, and not only for music. It's true of people and places and art and culture. If it touches your heart, that's the stuff that dreams are made of. The difficult bit is trusting yourself, trusting your heart, ignoring the doubters, the haters, the herd. What I really like doing is creating imagery, so fashion shows and photoshoots are a good place for that. I have pointed my life in a direction that's never far from dressing up a model and arranging them in front of a camera. I choose to live in London, a very shoot-fashion friendly city, which helps. I work on a couple of magazines, which helps. I style shows; I work with a couple of music artists, which help tremendously. But it's not for everyone. It's for me. Find your thing. Give it everything. Do lots of it. And so long as it's heartfelt and true, good, better, the best things will happen. Trust me, I'm a stylist.

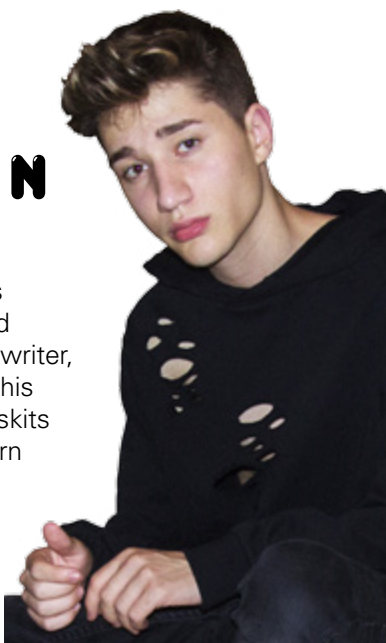
A POCKET OF STRAWBERRY-SCENTED SWEETNESS IN A SAD, SAD, GREY, GREY WORLD. BY REBEKAH ROY

ONES TO WATCH

HMLTD

Pontificate on the idea of a nu romo, Blitz Club full throttle band whose lead singer is a blond shirtless Marilyn Manson. But, y'know, fit. Happy Meal Ltd stands out from the crowd, a punkish treat, [lead singer] Henry Chisholm screams, wails, contorts — did I mention he was shirtless when I saw them? I was reminded of the scene in *Silence of the Lambs* where the killer known as Buffalo Bill tucks his cock between his legs and mimes along to Q Lazzarus' "Goodbye Horses": "I'd fuck me," he gravels. As a troop, Happy Meal Ltd rock. Their song "Where's Joanna?" is a barnstorming set-closer. Still a little mysterious, their under-the-radar anonymity may be about to change with the arrival of debut single "Is This What You Wanted?" You know, they may be getting somewhere since the burger behemoth has forced an acronymical name change. **CR**

ONE TO WATCH HOUSSEIN



Houssein is a 17-year-old singer-songwriter, famous for his six-second skits on Vine. Born in London to British/Turkish-Cypriot parents, Houssein is also a pretty smart cookie: he just completed his A Levels, a year early, bagging A/B Grades. In August 2009, he uploaded his first video to YouTube, and in late 2011 started to focus on Visual Effects, creating a series called *VFX Guys*, comprising 5–10 minute explanations of an effect he had created. His popular Vines began in May 2014, featuring films that are fast and funny. He's now cooking up a music career, again using social media as his vehicle: his first track, "Will You Be Mine", was released on July 30th 2016 via flighthouse/musical.ly and snagged 700,000 views the same day. Precocious and prolific, Houssein made and edited the video for the track in just 24 hours. Follow @cheekyhoussein for updates.



We needed a weekend in the country and could not wait for summer when Paris becomes empty and apocalyptic as its inhabitants flee to Deauville, Bordeaux and Saint-Tropez. Unable to bear another day in the rain-soaked city, I begged my boyfriend Ben to take me anywhere, and with little persuasion we convinced our friend Louis to join us on a train headed to Valence. There we rented a car and drove south, booking bed & breakfasts with our phones, moving without a

something that could be "funny" for us to experience.

On reaching Paris, the concept of a swingers' club had been foreign to me: slightly disturbing yet intriguing. The swingers' club in Paris, it turned out, is a darkened room with generally good-looking, well-dressed people

holding
flutes of
champagne and
shooting eyes at one
another until someone

takes someone's hand and pulls them into an even darker room downstairs that's pulsating with music and shrieks of pleasure.

It was something that, the first time I went, felt borderline ridiculous: a club space designated for couples to have sex with other couples, and a smoking room where everyone is dressed for a night out and flirtatiously engaging in typical bar conversation (what do you do? where do you live?), knowing that in half an hour they'd meet downstairs to rip off clothes and say and do dirty things for which my conservative Connecticut upbringing had not prepared me. The fun of it for me was in playing tease and voyeur, enjoying the evil pleasure in seeing how far I could push an admirer before moving along to someone else. Reeling in

FIRST PERSON BY AMORY BRADDOCK

To pry further into Amory's French romance, check out "Love and Life as an Illegal Immigrant" on DisorderMagazine.com

"WHERE'S THE
GIRL IN NOTHING
BUT A LACE THONG
WHISPERING IN
MY EAR ABOUT MY
BREASTS?"

the freedom of the place. Admittedly, the thrill of a regular club pales in comparison after such experiences. Where's the girl in nothing but a lace thong whispering in my ear about my breasts? Where's the man unhooking my dress as another rides his hands under it?

The concept of a swingers' colony, however, was so other-worldly, so unimaginable that I just had to say yes, yes let's go check it out, let's go for a swim at the swingers' colony. As long as I go for a damn swim soon, I thought, the white wine giving us courage. And like children off to break the rules, we giggled as we climbed back into the car.

The swingers' colony consists of a series of communist-looking buildings. Borderline elderly French people stumble down concrete paths clutching whiskies in the broad daylight, swaying past apartment porches where very naked people are resting or fucking and then rolling onto the terraces of bars. There, men sit with pride and open legs, while unabashed women lean over sagging breasts to pour more wine.

Inside the club, of which there are a few (most open all day), you must remove all of your clothes before entering. After paying



(the cost is twice as high for a single man) you are given a towel (you're not allowed to use your own), hoping to God it's been washed at least six times before you reluctantly wrap it around yourself. We get our first round of drinks free, Ben assuring me it's because we are the youngest and best looking in the place. Planting ourselves on a plastic couch, we sit nervously, careful to keep our towels between it and our bare asses, as porn blares from the many screens. Two old Arab men across the room are watching me, jacking off. The place echoes with moans and screams of satisfaction, the voices at least 20 years older than mine. It's like being in an extremely poor porno, where at

least one person accidentally drowns while having sex in the Jacuzzi. It is very early in the season. I imagine this place at its peak in August, when maybe the people are better looking and the beach is infested with bare skin, bare breasts, bare dicks swinging as they manoeuvre into the sea or lurch towards another body. For now, in the chilly May breeze, we're left with a 200-pound man, limbs sprawled over a beach chair, his massive belly rising and falling

in time with the waves.

A couple, or couple of strangers, are fucking on top of a towel in the sand. And a tall, thin, vampire-pale man dressed, inexplicably, in black jacket and black trousers, drifts alone on the promenade, adding a post-apocalyptic zombie movie feel to the whole scenario. There is no champagne, no coquettish glances. No suited bouncer, no dress code, no flirtatious conversation. I run into the water wearing nothing as the fat man lifts to his elbows to watch, smiling.

Ben and Louis and I do not discuss this vacation. And I don't tell my parents about the time my boyfriend took me to the south of France.

SEX, LIES & CIGARETTES

FIRST PERSON BY **SAM HILL**

Like love, smoking is bullshit. Both are tied to romantic notions that rarely relate to the nasty business in its blood-pumping reality. Smoking has two ideals that suggest a surfeit of soul. One is the Parisian sophisticate, independent and alternative, a little punky. The other is pastoral and contemplative, Gandalf blowing smoke rings in Hobbiton. Neither is shivering with a greasy roll-up outside a 1970s block in the drizzle.

I started smoking because of a girl called Nicky. She was beautiful and wild at 17, with radiant green eyes that sang of the joys of class-A drugs, dancing and life lived to the fullest – even if we both worked weekends at a chain store and most of our conversations took place by a filthy coffee machine in the drab staff room. Smoking was a way to be close to her, to possess a tiny part of her, though she was in a whole other league. I started going out with a girl called Nic from the same shop, so it almost worked. From the first, smoking was linked to sex, personal connection and insecurity.

A sense of social intimacy is one of smoking's big draws. We sell each other smoking like Jennifer Lawrence's tits sell cinema tickets. At any club or bar the best people are outside, communing, hooking up. Cigarettes are a wing-man and a pimp. Friends who "don't smoke" come along for the ride, sometimes

literally. It's a false sense of connection, a freemasons' lodge for dudes and dames who wear skinny black jeans. Join or be forever damned. I once read an interview with activist actor Sean Penn, where his choice of American Spirit cigarettes was reviewed in glowing terms, like a badge of his integrity. American Spirit, organic smokes, are owned by American number two RJ Reynolds, maker of Camel. And here's an illusion, how cigarettes are promoted under the wire, used to suggest mood by lazy writers in magazines, lazy writers in film... and, ultimately, lazy fuckers incapable of portraying a creative persona without a curtain of second-hand smoke and imported wine. Smoking is identity for those without much.

For being such a symbol of independence, cigarettes profit huge multi-national groups, such as the \$45-billion British-American Tobacco (Lucky Strike) or the \$35-billion Altria (Marlboro)... historically, not cool. For anything unshackled from Big Tobacco you have to order off the internet, such as Hestia, which are organic and brown, like slim cigars. So here's another illusion, cigarettes benefit society's biggest wankers. University education ought to begin: beware perverts and capitalist interests.

Since we live in a visual culture, from Instagram to IMAX, smell and taste take a back

seat. No yellow fingers or bad breath. Sweat evaporates. Wounds vanish with a splash of water. Smoking is signified,

fetishized with the magical click of a Zippo or the elemental crack of a match or the fizz of flame on tobacco. After Coca-Cola, Marlboro is the most recognised brand in the world. Lucky Strike's iconography is achingly hip in an Andy Warhol kind of way. Tobacco's startlingly persistent graphic design jostles next to health warnings that fail to steal focus. So we get distracted by glamour and truth goes to Narnia. Just like in mainstream media. Show us the Brangelina split and we happily ignore the Panama papers and Boris Johnson as Foreign Secretary. And who does that serve? I'm rethinking my presence at the pro-EU march. Yay, I righteously showed my support for an American-backed superstate.

Government anti-smoking ads sell on fear, raising your stress, encouraging you to reach for your tobacco. It's like going to the airport and sacrificing one bottle of water so you can buy another after Security. Because of 9/11. Because your water might be a bomb. Because they can't tell the difference. And you'd be a fool and a communist to think otherwise. Quit smoking, they say, turn to that other multi-billion dollar racket, the medical profession, for patches and gum... even if quitting's as easy as



understanding cigarettes are stupid and then not putting the damn things in your mouth. My biggest fear is turning into an old smoker: seven

cardigans because heating burns cash, but sucking air via Benson & Hedges.

When Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco to Britain in 1565, he was met by cries of "can you put that fucking thing out, I'm eating here". Nothing's changed. Watch cigarette addicts: they spit the fumes out of their mouth like the conclusion to some foul bukkake. Six cups of coffee. Box set bingeing. Fad diets. Fad training. Pokémon GO. What is with our addiction to being addicted? Even non-smokers who don't walk around with burning bundles of leaf carry scalding cups of coffee, as if our dependences are a groupmind dismissal of health & safety culture.

I went over to the dark side for the girls, for the punk Parisian sexiness, but weirdly the only moments I enjoyed cigarettes were at night, alone, actually looking at the places around me, bathed in streetlight that serves up an unreal, abandoned movie-set vibe. Oh, and the stars. What I like about smoking is the act of breathing. Which is what it ruins. Like spontaneous first-date sex in a park, smoking ripples with excitement, but you come home covered in muck and riddled with chlamydia. True story.

PINK TORPE— DOED

FIRST PERSON BY EMILY COLLEY

EVERYWHERE, PINK. EVERY-
WHERE, PRINCESSES. DISNEY
PRINCESSES. PINK PRINCESS-
ES. BARBIE. THE BARBIE MOVIE.
DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL. PRETTY
LITTLE GIRL.
GOOD GIRL.
BE A GOOD
GIRL. EVERY-
WHERE ON INSTAGRAM,
GIRLS' FACES. GIRLS' PRET-
TY FACES. GIRLS IN BIKINIS.
GIRLS POSING. GIRLS FLASH-
ING. AM I PRETTY NOW, DAD-
DY? AM I PRETTY NOW?
EVERYWHERE IN PORN, GIRLS'
PRETTY FACES PLASTERED IN
MAN GUNK, PRETTY GIRLS
WITH THEIR MOUTHS FULL.
GOOD GIRLS. BE A GOOD GIRL.
YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT.

**Rewind to the moment your mother laid an-
kles apart, hips taut, sweating ready to push
you out into the world.** Your small eyes crack
open for the first time to a room filled with
pink balloons and your mother's face smiling
back at you. She dreams of a world that will be
better to you than it was to her. She works hard to
give you all the things a little
girl needs, how she sees you,
her perfect princess.

In this moment, iden-
tity is formed. Identification
with objects and people, clas-
sification of good and bad. Oh
thanks, a Barbie doll, a plastic
embodiment of the impossi-
ble standards of beauty you'll
be measured against your
whole life. Oh thanks, a Dis-
ney movie, "Sell your voice
for a pair of legs and you will
land your dream guy". He'll
be a handsome prince and
own his own car — an Audi,
a BMW, a Mercedes. Only the
best for my little girl. So, be meek, be agreeable, be
apologetic, be submissive. Change yourself and a
man will love you. A man loving you is the most
rewarding thing you can attain in life.

Women are taught from birth what it
means to be feminine. Our boundaries are
established with frilly pink dresses and plastic
dolls with stick-thin waistlines. Pucker up and be
adorable for the world sweetheart and may-
be you'll survive. And this stuff gets heavier as
we reach double figures. Bodies change. Breasts
bloom, hips widen, curves deepen. The kids at
school mock any difference, sniff out shame.

Conform or rebel, it's the same thing. Even
your Facebook-endorsed attributes are derided,
draw attention. A friend at 14, full mouth, school
uniform: a middle-aged guy calls out "blow-
job lips". And your own urges used against you.
Shave those legs, paint those nails, paint those
lips. Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of
them all? It's not only men who encourage this: it's
what we do to one another. But don't be too popu-
lar with the boys, too available. The she-wolf pack
sees all, bitch-faced, glossy nails to shiny talons.
"Why you talking to my bae?"

Were the Spice Girls a phenomenon be-
cause five women pulling together for girl power
had the exoticism of an Andean Cock-of-the-Rock?
Did feminism really die the day women started
pole dancing for exercise? Once pink has taken

root, it's a lifetime of education and therapy to get
it to shift. We have a female prime minister but
no-one seems to notice — presumably because
she looks more like Richard the Third than Khloe
Kardashian. We can place no value on her
femininity. There's no sense that as women we're
going to ride in the slipstream behind her. There-
sa May is a man in drag: oper-
ationally, she's on the job like
one of the boys, plugging the
same old Tory agenda. Is she
an outlier or an anomaly?

To empower women is
to recognise that pink isn't
pink after all. Pink is dark. Dark
like when your boyfriend held
you down and told you to be
a good girl. "I know you want
it." Pink is being a good con-
sumer — of products and of
men. It's the pinnacle of the as-
cent of woman, before (some-
times) motherhood turns us
into swollen slaves to a new
batch of princesses and little

pricks. Your life as a woman only begins when
you've married Prince Charming. Your life only
begins when you become a wife, a mother, a nur-
turer, a piece of Adam's rib, a Real Woman.

Wedding days are simply big consumer
blowouts, the fine cars and the fancy frocks,
presents and speeches, laughter and tears. And
tears. Make a list, check it twice: all the crap you
ever wanted, shiny pans and a novelty toaster. All
that frustration and budgeting, and this is your
reward. Hey this has been a long time coming,
from early steps toying with dollies and pushing
little prams, fighting to play Mary in the Nativity.
(Choose me, O Lord.) But a wedding day oughtn't
be the best day of a woman's life, the day we get
to be the princess and everyone looks at us and the
weight we've lost and does what we say because
it's My Big Day. Surely that can't be it? The great
prize can't be standing outside a random church
in a ridiculous white puffy dress with some bloke
in a rented suit. And surely there's an alternative
that isn't chardonnay-sodden, cake-cramming
singletonia.

Sisters, let's find the strength to carry on
in a world that fundamentally hates us. We are
not objects. We are not pin-up girls. We are not
baby machines. We are not princesses. We can
be whomever we goddamn want. Grow out your
armpit hair. Wear trousers. Curse. Fight back. Take
control. And a better dream will come true.



A brightly coloured splatter of a window into another dimension, how could this be?

I'm staring through the looking glass into another world, a radiant, tie-dyed world...

In reality I had just returned from an illegal acid rave at an industrial building site in Acton. I was standing on my driveway screaming into a pool of vomit, likely caused by the combination of ecstasy pills and LSD I took earlier. Clearly the LSD had kicked in.

LSD, or acid, or lysergic acid diethylamide, is one of the most powerful drugs ever created and is often paired with stigma and misconception. Overall, it's relatively safe. An LSD overdose, for instance, is truly rare. Most



Guide, outlining safe therapeutic psychedelic drug experiences.

Fadiman's most groundbreaking study took place in 1966, when he set out to determine if psychedelic drugs could help solve difficult scientific problems. There were 27 volunteers consisting of scientists, engineers and mathematicians who had all been struggling with a conundrum for at least three months. Each participant was given a high dose of mescaline and put to work on their various problems. Amazingly out of the 44 problems initially presented, there were 40 significant breakthroughs or part solutions.

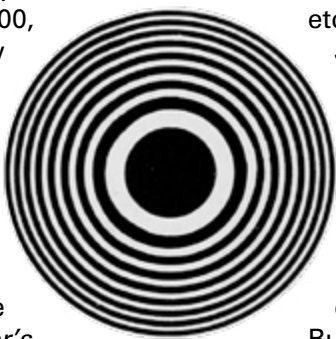
LSD consumed recreationally, for therapeutic, academic, or general health reasons,

ON ACID

FIRST PERSON BY PARIS MCGHEE

LSD-related issues are a function of individual differences, and hallucinogens just don't mix with everybody. As with any drug, there is always potential for "I'm not of sound mind" horrendous decision-making.

Acid is back on the map thanks to one of the hottest trends among hipsters and the Silicon Valley tech crowd: microdosing. Microdosing LSD means ingesting amounts small enough to remain under the perceptual threshold. The goal of microdosing is to increase productivity, focus, creativity, and decrease stress, anxiety, and even to treat ailments such as depression and cluster headaches. Dr. Albert Hofmann, a Swiss chemist who was first to synthesise LSD in 1938, championed this concept. Hofmann lived to be 102 years old, continued giving lectures until he was 100, and famously microdosed for the last few decades of his life. Francis Crick, Nobel Prize winner and father of modern genetics, was a regular user of LSD and admitted to his biographer that he often used LSD in small doses to jump-start his thinking from the 1950s onwards. Dr. James Fadiman has been leading the research into microdosing hallucinogens since the 60s. He wrote the rulebook, *The Psychedelic Explorer's*



can be a game changer. And there is a paradigm shift of sorts. On one side, a revival of the 60s Cultural Revolution revamped by the counterculture millennial to incorporate tech and maximise the brain's potential. And on the other side, a long-awaited capitulation by draconian policy-makers to finally allow modern research into hallucinogens. Slowly but surely they are meeting in the middle, with research beginning to catch up to, and provide empirical rationale for, LSD use in the modern world.

LSD users often experience visual hallucinations, laughter, a sense of oneness with nature, and ego dissolution (a loss of personal identity). Likely LSD users often hail from various creative industries, musicians, writers, artists etc. Successful imbibers include Jimi Hendrix, who famously performed with several tabs of LSD in the lining of his head bandana — my goodness could he shred a guitar — or Aldous Huxley, exploring the depths of human consciousness. Maybe LSD can foster a creative genius. But then it's wise to remember



Syd Barrett, musical genius and founding member of Pink Floyd, fried his brain with too much acid.

My friend Steven comes to mind when I recall LSD horror stories. Steven was a veteran druggo, knew his stuff. One fateful summer evening Steven acquired a vial of highly potent black acid. Steven waited until Hyde Park closed, climbed over the locked gates and found a place to settle in for a long one. A few hours in and, "Oh Fuck", bright flashing lights and shouting, "Here come the pigs". Steven had a fairly lengthy criminal record given his age and wealthy upbringing. He was forced into a decision. Shall I dump the acid and just take the public disorder and/or trespassing offence, or do I hide it and hope to retrieve it later? Unwilling to dump it or risk not finding it again, Steven decided to consume the entire vial and make a run for it. His trip didn't end well. Steven came to about a month later in a mental health facility sectioned under the Mental Health Act. It took him several more weeks to prove to attending physicians that he had returned to sound mind.

A recent study carried out via The Beckley Foundation, a UK-based think-tank and pioneer of drug reform, investigated the impact of LSD on the brain. Brain imaging techniques were used to measure blood flow, functional connections within and between networks, and brain waves. Scans showed participants experiencing images through multiple brain regions, not

solely the visual cortex. Brain regions that normally operate independently of each other were now communicating.

On LSD, brain networks responsible for vision, hearing, attention and movement become significantly more connected, creating a more "unified brain". Conversely, scans suggest a loss of connections between the parahippocampus and the retrosplenial cortex; hence the altered state of consciousness associated with LSD. Looking at the scans, it's as though LSD galvanises the brain into true awaken-ness. Perhaps this provides a scientific rationale for the popular use of hallucinogens in religious and ceremonial settings.

I reckon there is something to be gained from temporarily reversing our perceptually-restricted adult thinking. The Beckley researchers believe their work could pave the way for exploring the use of LSD in treatment of addiction and depression. These claims are exciting and well founded: I have used LSD therapeutically, in times of depression, and found that it has a special way of recalibrating me. I find that LSD breaks down my brain's perceptual barriers and allows me to see and evaluate life challenges differently, often with more calm and creativity, mapping a powerful journey towards personal growth. But sometimes it's just a fine, fun way of getting high.



The Acid Test poster designed by Wes Wilson, 1966. Courtesy of Steward Brand

I WAS A CHILD SWEATSHOP WORKER

FIRST PERSON
BY NANCY JOHNSTON

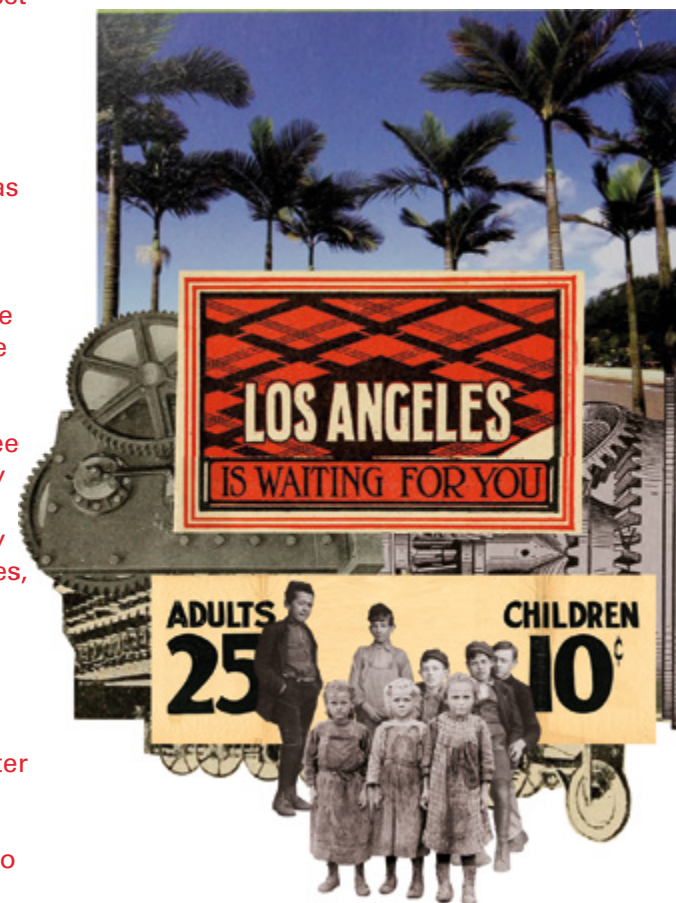
Glitz and glamour, Hollywood stars and red-carpet events: that's how the media portrays Hollywood and Sunset Boulevard where I was born and spent the early part of my life. The reality was the exact opposite. In the 1980s, this was where poor people lived.

My family, ethnic Chinese, were labelled boat people because we were among the tens of thousands of refugee families who fled by boat as a result of the Vietnam war. By 1977, many countries, including the USA, granted the families asylum status. My mother (heavily pregnant with me), my father, older sister and uncle were airlifted from a Malaysian refugee camp to Los Angeles. A few months after they arrived, I was born in a hospital on Sunset Boulevard. I describe my early existence as being much like the fashion industry's supply chain: product origin — China, produced in Malaysia, made in America.

DOWNTOWN LA GARMENT DISTRICT

Downtown Los Angeles is just further south of Hollywood and Sunset Boulevard. LA has many districts, including the garment district, a hub for manufacturing. Many garment factories were illegally set up, hiring undocumented Mexican immigrants and newly arrived Asian refugees. Many of these factories would knowingly

take on more than they can manufacture to secure an order, and then outsource the work



was four years old, Helen and Susan, my little sisters, had arrived, and my elder sister Jenny was old enough to start school. I remember that with more mouths to feed, there was always a tense atmosphere about how food would be put on the table and the family would be provided for. One day, my mom took us to an amazing playground that had a jungle gym, swings and a sandbox where lots of kids were playing. It was a departure from our daily play environment at home, which consisted of an alleyway of garages full of broken-down cars and the smell of engine oil and grease. Helen and I dashed towards the swings, leaving my mom, who shouted strict instructions for me to look after Helen.

My mom took the pram with Susan into a trailer building and said she would be right back.

After a while, caught up in play mode in my new environment, something in the distance caught the corner of my eye mid-swing. It was the outline of a woman coming out of the building where my mom had entered. The woman dropped to the concrete steps, sat doubled over, curled up like a ball and buried her face into her hands and knees. She was sobbing quietly, unaware of any spectators. That woman turned out to be my mom.

It's the only time I've seen her at her most vulnerable and that moment made such

to another factory to meet the quota. Unless the client fashion brand manufactures and makes in-house, there is no chance of transparency in the fashion supply chain if manufacturing is outsourced. With the influx of refugee families in the late seventies and eighties as a result of the Vietnam war, the perfect conditions were created for exploitation to fuel the hungry appetite of the fast fashion industry in America.

CHILD'S PLAY

I don't remember much of my childhood — most of it flew by so quickly. By the time I

a deep impression on me. She had taken me and my sisters there while she asked for day care, so she would be able to work. It was the only time my parents asked for help through the welfare system and they had been denied. The visceral experience of that feeling — seeing and hearing a parent's woe, despair and concern for their child's future — is a powerful one. To this day, the image of my mother, or any parent I see in a state of overwhelming despair and uncertainty to secure a better future for their children still hits me in my gut.

My mom, unaware that I had seen her, transformed herself into the usual stiff-upper-lipped Asian dragon mom for which she had a reputation, called my sister and me over to her. She didn't realise I saw her at her most vulnerable only a few moments earlier, and still does not know to this day.

eighties. Being kid-sized, with tiny fingers and good attention to detail, I was put to work in the finishing "department" with my mom, who steam-pressed and ironed the clothes and placed them in the plastic bags at the end of the production line.

I remember being paid between \$0.50 to \$1 per day, enough to buy a medium-sized slurpee from 7 Eleven. It was



ories of working in the fashion industry faded and I grew up to work as a social worker instead.

TENGRI — A FASHION BRAND IS BORN

Fast-forward three decades... I travel the world and spend time living with a nomadic herder family in Mongolia (visiting Mongolia had been a lifelong dream). The young family was saving for their daughter's future education. Seeing the parents struggle, and knowing that this little girl would never be able to get the same top-notch education nor enjoy the opportunities I had, just because she was born in Mongolia, was heart-breaking.

Mongolia is the world's second-largest supplier of luxury fibres. Nomadic herder families supply the world's top luxury fashion brands and their work contributes to a €9 billion global cashmere market. What baffles me is that the families are still living on subsistence wages of around £1 per day. This fired me up enough to set up Tengri, a knitwear label and noble yarn specialist based in London. We trade direct with 4,500 herder families who supply yak fibres through our "fairshare" business model.

Never did I expect to go from sweatshop child worker to starting and owning a fashion brand. Tengri is still in its early days. Since our start in 2014, we enabled herders' household income to increase between 10-18 fold, proving that fast fashion can be a force for good after all. @Tengriyakwear

GOING TO WORK WITH MY MOM

Following that incident, I ended up in an illegal sweat-shop factory in downtown LA with my mom, instead of day care and playing in a playground. The factory was full of other refugee women and my sister and I were working there too. I mostly remember running around a maze of clothes.

The factory, as you would expect, was full of rails of jackets, blazers and blouses, all covered with clear plastic bags. The clothes were made with that extra-padded broad shouldered look that was popular in the

quite fun being around the women in the factory, who would joke and talk. As a kid, it was nice to be part of something. I felt so important — my role was to ensure all the hangtags were hanging properly, all the buttons in place. I was given a small pair of scissors to cut any loose thread hanging out from the seams or from the buttons. I liked ensuring all the little details were tended to at the very end of the production line.

When I was five, the job at the sweatshop ended because I was old enough to start primary school. With that, the mem-

WANT MORE? GET MORE!

DISORDERMAGAZINE.COM



FIRST PERSON BY NUSAIBA MOHAMMAD

#Mipsterz first started trending in 2012 when the short film *Somewhere in America*, created by Sheikh & Bake, featured modestly modern-dressed Muslim girls (all wearing hijabs or head wraps of some form) in everyday scenarios, doing things you would expect any cool teenager to be doing. The film cleverly captured a group of strong, creative Muslim women from all backgrounds and lifestyles, showcasing their similarities to their fellow Americans. Most importantly, oppression doesn't exist for them, contrary

to common misconceptions. Mipsterz is derived from the term "hipsters" — frequently used to describe a group of individuals who follow the latest trends and fashion, often regarded as those who enjoy interests outside of the cultural mainstream.

Against the grain and expectation at the time, my personal Instagram images became synonymous with the #mipsterz movement. After taking some time to understand my new "label", I felt flattered that people would associate me with the independent Muslim women the video had

portrayed. Who wouldn't, right? Rapidly, I became an emerging influencer with the most diverse and largely loving followers. They followed me, praised me, hated me, questioned me, and helped support the opportunities that came my way.

Modest fashion's profile has risen dramatically ever since and now features in most people's wardrobes, thanks to progressive religious millennials, whose viewpoints on trends, covering up, and being glamorous are all in sync and showcased as... cool. Social media is a hotbed of creative tips and campaigning, thanks to smart, confident young women such as Kuwaiti blogger Ascia AKF; British blogger Dina Torkia; US blogger Talya Bendel; Indonesian designer Dian Pelangi; Saufeeya Goodson @hijabfashion; and the Orthodox Jewish duo Mimi Hecht and Mushky Notik, co-founders of Mimu Maxi.

The existence of modest wear dates back to the birth of all religions. In medieval times, it was revered as a symbol of class. One could say it went hand-in-hand with chivalry. Today, it exists as a kind of Kardashian antidote: modest is about style without flaunting bare skin. One key point in the debate is if there is more oppression being defined by your (semi-) naked body, as evinced by Instagram bikini culture, than being covered up... Perhaps by staying dressed we have more chance to be defined by what we say, think and present.

Modest wear does not focus only on scarves, long skirts or long dresses. Every piece of clothing counts towards the look, worn mostly loose and always layered. So, even if you love an off shoulder top and imagine it only worn on its own, well, it can be paired with a long sleeve turtleneck (I'm all about the turtleneck) to turn it into modest wear. Typically, to be dressed modestly, your entire body is covered, leaving only the face, neck, hands and feet visible, and, for some, their hair. Modest wear is fashionable. It requires a lot of attention to styling to create that perfect modest look. There aren't specific outfits for modest fashion, but it is magic and power in your hands to match the products of regular retail to the requirements of modesty.

Modest fashion has become lucrative, corresponding with the boom in outspoken trendsetters and growth in the Muslim population in the

"MODEST WEAR DATES BACK TO THE BIRTH OF ALL RELIGIONS. IN MEDIEVAL TIMES, IT WAS REVERED AS A SYMBOL OF CLASS. TODAY, IT EXISTS AS A KIND OF KARDASHIAN ANTIDOTE."

West. Uniqlo collaborated with Muslim-Brit-Japanese fashion designer Hana Tajima to create the LifeWear collection, which included "flowy dresses" and "iconic hijabs". H&M showcased the first ever Hijabi model Mariah Idrissi in its campaign video. Dolce & Gabbana also launched an abaya collection (loose, full length Middle Eastern cultural clothing), and a range of luxury hijabs. Marks & Spencer launched its Burkini range in March 2016, which is a diving suit designed to cover the body from head to toe, worn by Muslim women at the beach. International designers such as Tommy Hilfiger, DKNY, Oscar de la Renta and Monique Lhuillier have cashed in on this new consumer profile by launching one-off collections specifically catering to modest wear — and to coincide with the celebrations of Ramadan and Eid (when consumer expenditure spikes every year). Not stopping there, modest wear is now visible at high-street brands Topshop and Zara.

But there is not one universal, liberated voice for women to wear whatever they want modestly. Indeed, we are bombarded with mixed messages about what modest really means. For instance, why do people specifically relate modesty with Muslims? In the case of the French government banning the Hijab in workplaces and banning the Burkini in the south of France, this has played into the fallacy of covering up as oppression.

Dressing modestly still draws sexualised commentary online, as many people see indecency in the merest hint of the female form. They are quick to advise you that your trousers are too sexually appealing, or "your skirt is hugging your bottom." Yet every magazine rack, every day, we come across celebrity slimming diets, airbrushed photos and tips on "how to look hot".

These extreme societal and/or religious pressures confuse the hell out of most of us. One thing we, women, should not be told is how and how not to dress. Modesty is a choice, a form of expression, a non-verbal message that speaks to women across the globe in various ways. Modesty, in my humble opinion, helps many women showcase their inner self without indulging societal pressures.

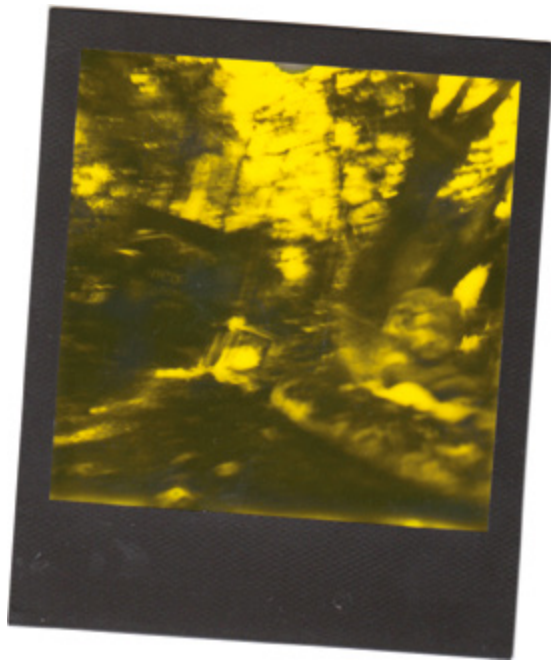
@iamndora

An alternative guide to

BERLIN

THE ALLEYS AND BACKWATERS OF THE GERMAN CAPITAL ARE A RICH SOURCE OF INSPIRATION, AND A MEANS OF COMMUNION WITH DEAR-DEPARTED TALENT.

POINTING THE WAY: SINGER-SONGWRITER **LAUREN NAPIER**



NICO @ SCHILDHORNWEG 33

Entering the S-Bahn, I quickly noticed that the lights were off and a grey had settled over the traincar: an unusual occurrence at midday in Berlin, but suitable for visiting Nico's grave. She rests in a former suicide cemetery. Here she is kept company by: her mother; suicides that washed ashore the Havel over a hundred years ago; Russian prisoners of war; and unknown German soldiers. Though incongruent with her life of fame as an Andy Warhol creation — a character in the cast of *Chelsea Girls* or a resident of the Velvet Underground realm — there is something apt about her final surroundings. The mature trees enrobe and embrace. And the myriad of personalities beneath the soil mirrors the societal outcasts and rebels once present on the 5th floor of a Manhattan building.



RAMONES MUSEUM @ KRAUSNICKSTRASSE 23

Born to die in Berlin, or so the museum's tagline declares. The notion of death invites the implication of a fading, a forgetting. The presence of the Ramones is far from succumbing to such fates. There is not an inch of blank space upon these walls: visiting musicians from MURS to Frank Turner to CJ Ramone have signed from floor to ceiling; Joey's entertainment centre once filled a wall in his New York apartment and now calls Berlin home; Dee Dee's shoes have found their last tour stop. Armchairs, and an endless queue of Ramones' footage, provide the backdrop for coffee and pastries or, if you prefer, whiskey and a slice of vegan cake. Perfection can come at the modest price of simple chords and small spaces.



CORE TEX @ ORANIENSTRASSE 3

The record stores in Berlin are more divided than others in other cities in my experience. Techno resides at Hardwax or SpaceHall. Wowsville has all the rockabilly or garage vinyl a collection may desire. But CoreTex refuses to reveal a softer side: T-shirts printed with unapologetic "fucks" and anti-racist slogans; the dull thud of records being browsed, resounds. The Adolescents. Subhumans. Conflict. Total Chaos. They all await within the walls of CoreTex. Here is where I allow myself to give a nod to Penny Lane and to pay a visit when things get too serious or the city gets too lonely.



TEUFELSBERG @ TEUFELSSEECHAUSSÉE 10

Devil's mountain. Where spies once built their homes amongst the clouds over Grunewald, the crumbling buildings and sonic domes have housed an NSA Cold War listening station, a squat and artists' community, and the possibility of David Lynch's meditation college. The hill is artificially made from post-war rubble: a spy station hovering over the remains of an earlier Berlin. The walls are now covered in street art and the dome's balconies are a playground for those with blankets, jazz cigarettes and curiosity about what watches — and watched — over the city. It's oddly quiet up here for a place meant to steal secrets.



DEATH @ LIDO CUVRYSTRASSE 7,

Half an hour prior, this Polaroid camera was happily resting in the Ramones' museum. While enjoying a whiskey and humming along to "Pretty Vacant", the fellow behind the bar, or vocalist in Gang Zero depending on the time of day, shares that Death is playing their first show in Berlin, a band wrapped in a gossamer of myth and musical mysticism. Arguably, the first punk band. Undeniably, living legends. The audience was present this evening: dreadlocks thrashing in the periphery, a GBH patch blurring due west, a couple kissing as they caught a guitar pick. Death resurrected what some call a dead genre. Magicians enlivening their craft. Death brought their 70s authenticity to the creative chaos of Berlin, which has been under construction since the formation of the genre.



RISIKO @ YORCKSTRASSE 48

Ignore the ticket office that now lives here. Picture, instead, a 1989 Berlin that had just been gifted with the presence of the Birthday Party. Nick Cave is slouching on the bar. Blixa Bargeld is tending the bar. Nina Hagen is parading around the bar. Today, it is nondescript, but guarded by two stone vixens: a cold homage to the Baudelairean temple it is rumoured to have been. Revisiting for this article, I met three young men from the Dominican Republic. Standoffish at first but, with the click of instant film and a seemingly odd interest in a storefront, they exchange stories and smirks — somehow echoing the tempting creative spirit and unlikely pairings that once were here.



PRIMA DONNA @ WILD AT HEART WIENER STRASSE 20

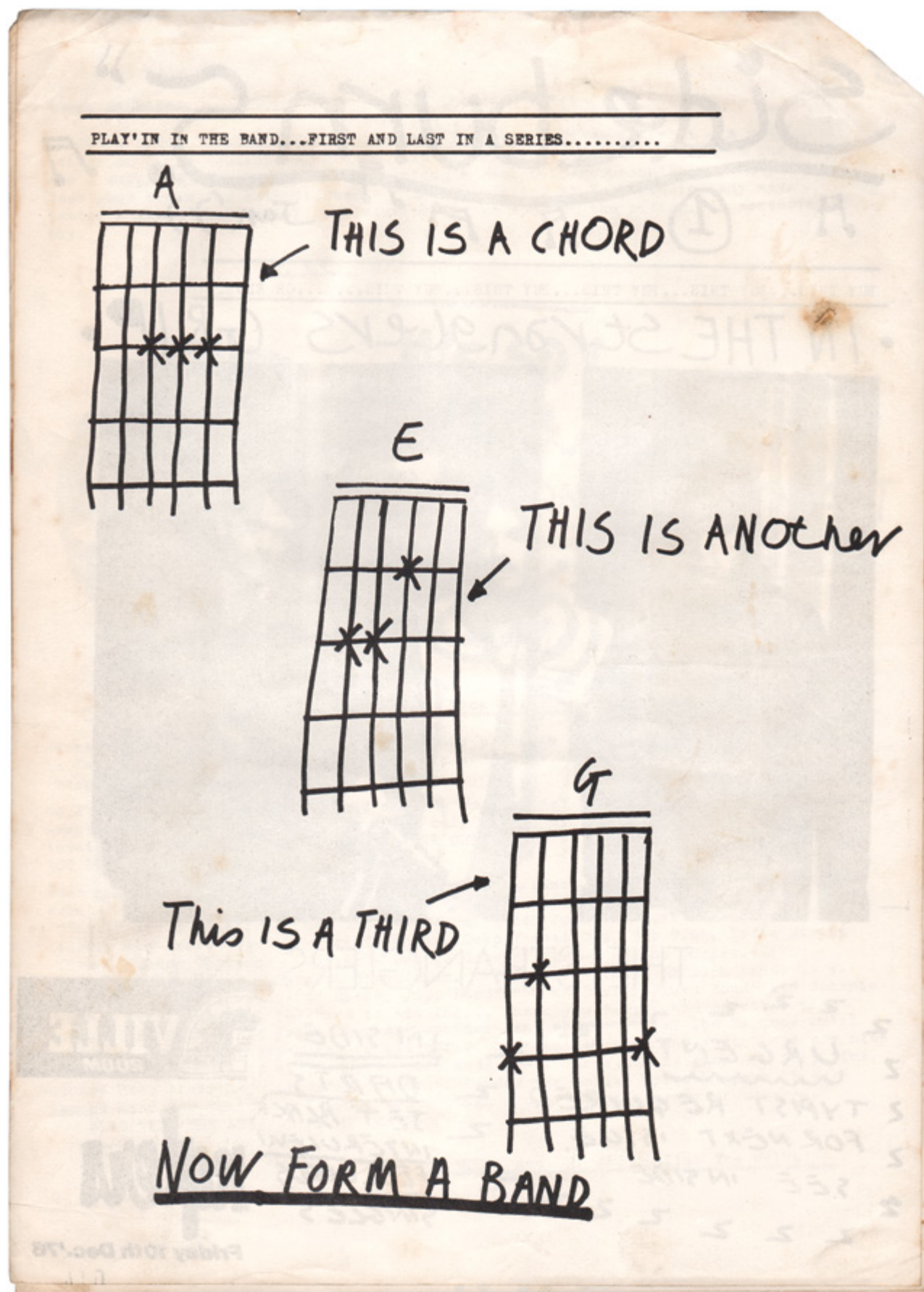
Here, the sweat on your arm never seems to be entirely your own. Here, the drinks are always poured a little strong. Here, the chainsmoker in the corner is joined, not shunned. Here, a narrow space makes seeing the band difficult. And yet, it does not matter. It is a dive bar where a disco ball dangles in waves of audio distortion. You leave with your ears ringing and a new layer of grit, but you leave with a lightened load, lessened by electric guitars sounding internal thoughts.



STREET ART @ KOTTBUSSE TOR

Street art and graffiti is an artistic conversation with passers-by. From U-bahns to apartment buildings, Berlin is cloaked in spray paint. Dxtrxn's latest paste-up motif around the city features an alien face: a disembodied paper head glue around Berlin. Perhaps the portrait is a nod to how one can feel like a bit of an outsider: alienated. Perhaps it is a nod to how dxtrxn's own eccentricities make him feel within city walls. Whatever the accurate bend of the artist's philosophy, he invites you to look up and create a narrative.

punkrockdoll.com



THE PUNK COMMANDMENTS

PUNK IN 2016 IS SOMETHING ELSE. GREEN DAY ARE A PUNK BAND, BUT OPERATE IN THE STADIUM-FILLING WORLD THAT PUNK WAS SUPPOSEDLY SENT TO DESTROY.

PUNK IS NOW A T-SHIRT AVAILABLE IN H&M OR TOPSHOP, AS MODELLED BY JUSTIN BIEBER OR THE MEMBERS OF ONE DIRECTION. PUNK NOW SOUNDTRACKS KFC ADVERTS.

PUNK, IN THE SENSE OF THREE BUZZSAW CHORDS SOUNDTRACKING THE RISE OF THE COUNTERCULTURE, IS DEAD. BUT THE DIY SPIRIT LIVES ON, EXPLAINS **HAMISH MACBAIN**.

In January of 1977, with the anything-is-suddenly-possible blast of punk at its height, a small, rough'n'ready fanzine entitled *Sideburns* printed a simple diagram of the chord shapes for the guitar chords A, E and G, with a commandment beneath that simply read Now Form A Band. This was a manifesto that spoke directly to the young, poor, frustrated teenagers who had become disenchanted by the overly-complex, detached, indulgent and ultimately untouchable music that rock'n'roll, a couple of decades on from the direct, raw blast of the blues, had become. It was saying that music needed to return to this mentality — to the idea of music from the street being made by people on the street. And importantly, that it was not actually that difficult to do. Because great music of any kind is not about virtuosity. It is about ideas. And anyone can have ideas.

The ethos behind that now-40-year-old diagram remains the route of all that is good and creative in the world. In fact, it's easier than ever to self-educate way beyond those basic parameters and make something that connects with people. The original punks had to at least buy or steal their guitars. The outlaw music makers of today don't even have to do that. All the tools that anyone from Stravinsky to Skepta could ever wish for are available gratis, any hour of the day. The route to becoming a music maker is now infinitely more simple than, "This is a chord, this is another, this is a third. Now form a band." Now you just have to say, "I am a music maker" and get on with it.

But if you do need help, here are ten commandments — commandments are always best in tens — to get you started.

LEARN A FOURTH CHORD

Three chords can take you a long way in not very long: just YouTube the A-to-D-to-E majesty of "Louie, Louie", one of the most covered songs of all time. It's brilliant, but the truth is that the punk movement it helped berth quickly moved on. All of the songs on the Sex Pistols' *Nevermind The Bollocks* contain more than three chords ("Anarchy In The UK" a whopping five), while the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows" — arguably the song that ushered in the over-indulgent prog rock bands the punks were trying to kick against — contains just one (a C, if you're interested). The three-chord thing was really just shorthand for "Learn what you can learn without having to be taught". But thanks to a gigantic number of websites and YouTube tutorials, it's easy to copy and learn all kinds of complex chord structures without having to beg your parents for £20 lessons with that weird guy with long hair down the road. Not that you "should" use all of them of course...

OR FORGET A COUPLE

Industrial pioneers Throbbing Gristle arrived in the wake of punk and responded to the "learn three chords" manifesto by simply saying: "Why bother learning any?". Instead they used all manner of objects (drills, colanders, whatever) to make all kinds of abrasive, strange, new and exciting noises. This approach is still being utilised by hundreds of bands to this day: Skrillex, for example, has incorporated plenty of "found sounds" into his tracks. Anything

that makes a sound is an instrument. In fact the tap-tap of keys being pressed as this sentence is being typed sounds suspiciously like the beginnings of a grime banger.

GET BACK IN THE GARAGE

Mixcraft, Music Maker Jam, LMMS: there are now innumerable apps that can assist the musically illiterate but fiercely creative in the pursuit of making great songs. None, though, are as startlingly effective as Garageband. Available for less than the price of a Happy Meal, it puts virtuoso-level players of every instrument you can think of in the palm of your hand. One tap, and you have a shuffling jazz drummer who solos on command. A couple more taps, and you have a pulsating two-note disco bassline over the top. From there, you can have complex, plucked folk guitar (one tap per chord, no fingerpicking skills required) or a full orchestra that only orchestra nerds will be able to tell is not a real orchestra. Then, all you have to do is find a quiet spot to sing into your phone and you have a hit single. Damon Albarn made an entire Gorillaz album using only his iPad. If it's good enough for him...

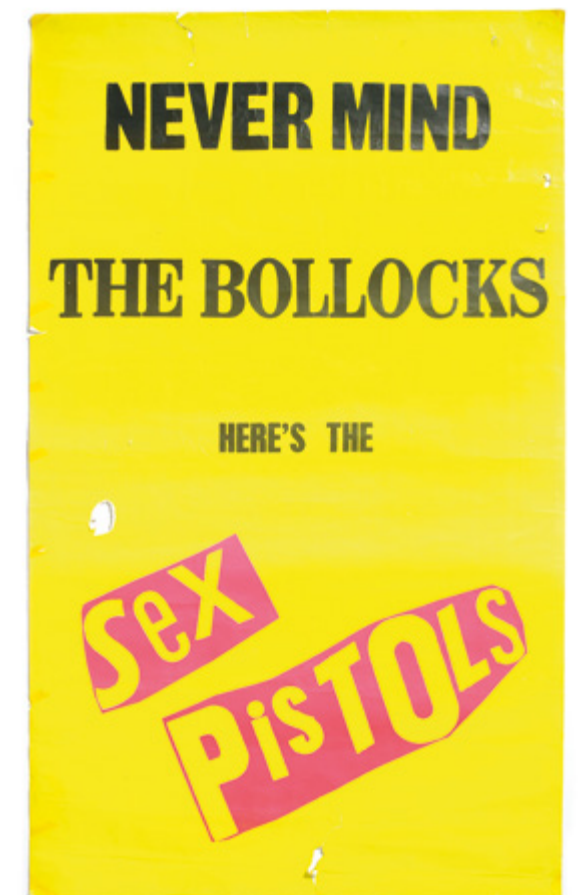
READ EVERYTHING

The Smiths assembled their literature-rich worldview from books, and the excellent passionsjustlikemine.com will show you just how much. All of this had to be discovered by hand in the local library or second-hand bookshop. But now the collected works of Aristotle, Homer, Aldous Huxley and Morrissey's

beloved Oscar Wilde are available, for free, at the touch of a screen. If the maxim "talent borrows, genius steals" remains true — it does, and always will do — then what the modern creative has at their disposal is the equivalent of a street full of banks who have all helpfully left their safes unlocked and unguarded for the foreseeable future. Great music is not just informed by other music: it is fed into by art, literature and life. And in 2016 you could pretty much read every text that fed into the young Morrissey's early lyrics in the best part of a weekend (assuming there is a decent stash of coffee to hand).

HEAR EVERYTHING

Hip-hop pioneers like Dr. Dre would have to spend hours, days, weeks, spinning and respinning every album in their parents' collection, searching for the perfect few instrumental seconds to loop into a backing track for something new and exciting (NWA's seminal "Straight Outta Compton" is built around a break from The Winstons' 1969 song "Amen, Brother"). But now, if you have a Spotify account, you have the entire history of recorded music at your disposal (minus Def Leppard, but hey: who wants to be influenced by Def Leppard?). Head to the brilliant whosampled.com to discover the bits of songs that Kanye nicked to make "Famous" famous (a 1969 Nina Simone cover of a Four Tops song), then start looking for your own. Sampling, once doable by only the supremely gifted and practiced, has never been easier. There is, as the saying goes, an app for that.





SKYPE YOURSELF SANE

Increasingly in the last decade or so, bands have not needed to hail from the same postcode. The likes of Animal Collective, for example, often don't even share the same continent, preferring to put together new material through the modern miracles of email and — if you must still have eye contact — Skype. Closer to home and more recently, Two Door Cinema Club came back from the brink of an implosion caused by six years cooped up in a tour bus together — by going their separate ways (the singer to Donegal, the guitarist to London, the bass player to Los Angeles) and reconvening remotely to put together just-released album *Gameshow*. Aside from no longer having to squabble over the last Hobnob, the benefits of this are obvious: each member gets to bring new cultural experiences and new listening habits garnered from new friends to the table, making for a richer and more diverse final product.

SOCIALISE

Through a network of fanzines like the brilliant *Maximumrocknroll*, the American hardcore punk bands of the 80s built up a network of floors to sleep on and, more importantly, fans to play in front of in towns that they had only ever heard of because of their parents' road atlas. There are dozens of modern bands who for some time now have been taking this a digital step further, offering in-kitchen gigs to admirers from afar who will in return save them the price of five rooms at the Ramada Inn. There is even a site, *betterthanthevan.com*, which aims to connect skint touring

musicians with people who can offer them a half-decent night's sleep. Even if you are not in a band and don't want to be in a band but love music, you can help. And if you can persuade them to play a couple of songs for you and your housemates, then congratulations: you have taken your first step as a music promoter.

FUND YOURSELF FAMOUS 1

There used to be a stigma attached to the idea of a crowd-funded album — the stigma being that it was the last resort of those not good enough to get someone else to pay for them to make an album. But Pledgemusic and other similar sites have changed that. There are plenty of huge bands who, tiring of record label interference, have decided to go digital cap in hand to their fans. In 2012, ex-Dresden Doll Amanda Palmer raised a staggering \$1.2million for a solo album, with her initial target having been just \$100,000: proof positive that there are people out there still interested in buying albums, if you know where to look, and what they want. Palmer had a small but obsessive fanbase who evidently were happy to cough up a bit more money for packages including a signed copy of the record and a chance to meet their hero. At the time, she was pictured on Kickstarter holding a sign that read "This is the future of music". She might just be right.

FUND YOURSELF FAMOUS 2

The DIY ethos of the punk bands initially bore new, exciting fruit: the Buzzcocks, for example, put out the first ever truly independent release in the shape of *Spiral Scratch* in 1977, which would ultimately go on to sell 16,000 copies: all profit

going to the people who played on it. But of course, once it gets bigger than that, and word spreads to people hundreds or even thousands of miles away, it becomes harder to trace just how much a band is making from their wares. Enter record companies, bearing a nice big serving of smoke and mirrors that ultimately works in their favour. This — what is essentially publishing — has long been largely incomprehensible to anyone apart from the big companies themselves. But now sites like Kobalt Music are simplifying the process for bands and artists, making it nice and easy to keep track of just how much they are supposed to be getting paid for every stream, every YouTube play, every anything around the globe. And, crucially, making sure they get paid swiftly. No-one starting out should underestimate the importance of this.

AND DON'T FORGET TO STEP OUTSIDE

As much as most of the above can be achieved without leaving your bedroom, it's important to remember that music only truly exists in the interaction between human beings. Make your music, but be sure to blast it into someone's real-life face as soon as possible. Only then is it really music. The true spirit of punk will always be about being within spitting distance of your audience. And that will never change.



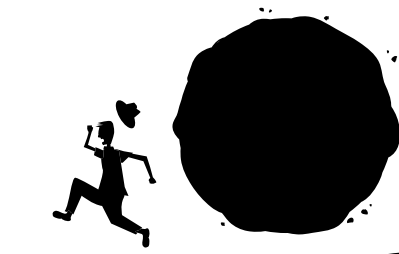
ALL IMAGES:

Oh So Pretty: Punk in Print 1976-80, From The Mott Collection, with an essay by Rick Poynor. Published by Phaidon 10th October 2016 (£19.95).

NINE SCENES TO RULE THEM ALL...

FILMS DEPEND ON FORMULA. THE FORMULA FAMILIAR TO MODERN CINEMA-GOERS (WHO LIKE BIG BANGS FOR BIG BUCKS) WAS DEVISED BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL, AN AMERICAN MYTHOLOGIST, WHO USED THE TERM “THE HERO’S JOURNEY”. OFF GOES THE HERO INTO SOME STRANGE, WONDERFUL PLACE, HE OR SHE IS FACED WITH OBSTACLES THAT ARE EVENTUALLY OVERCOME, AND RETURN LADEN WITH FORTUNE AND GLORY. LIKE *STAR WARS*. SUCH STORIES ARE DIVIDED INTO THE INTRODUCTION, THE CONFRONTATION AND THE RESOLUTION, THE FAMILIAR THREE-ACT STRUCTURE. BUT HAVING WATCHED A SHED-LOAD OF MOVIES – THANK YOU NETFLIX – WE RECKON THAT A PERFECT MOVIE REQUIRES NINE KEY SCENES. HERE ARE OUR TIPS...

SCENE 1

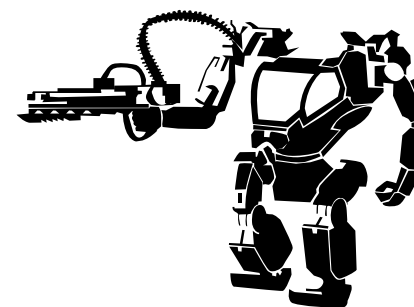


HOW TO START

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (1982)

“I’m making this up as I go,” quips archaeologist-adventurer Indiana Jones. But from the off, this is highly structured film-making: set-up serves pay-off. In the never-bettered opening sequence, Indy first overcomes an assassination attempt – using a whip of all things to disarm a traitorous ally. Then he traverses the trap slowly, surely: tarantulas, deadly spikes, a bottomless pit, poison darts, only to tackle them all in reverse at full pelt to escape with a gold idol. Oh, but there are a few choice extras: a giant rolling boulder, a better-prepared rival and a tribe of angry Peruvian Indians. With our hero’s safety assured, in the form of a handy seaplane, time for his triumphant theme tune. Duhn duh duh da, duhn duh da.

SCENE 2



WHAT IS THIS PLACE

AVATAR (2009)

Avatar has a poisonous philosophy: that supersized smurfs on dragons can overcome the American military might, that a primitive return to our cultural roots has any hope against the cogs of modernisation, and that nature can prevail over technology. But *Avatar*’s sense of place and technical prowess are without equal in modern cinema. And, shockingly, it’s not a sequel or a remake (well, a retelling of *Pocahontas*). Here we have this world, Pandora, and these people, the indigenous Na’vis, who are beautifully rendered and real, yet alien. The film has genius shifts in reality, from the cold grey world of the soldiers to the avatar world of brilliant blues and greens. We know exactly where we are at all times. And these contrasts serve the story. Of course we want the magical natural world to win, for love to blossom, for our broken hero to transform. Because in real life, those blue fellas just run casinos and herd alligators.

SCENE 3



A VILLAIN RISES

THE DARK KNIGHT (2008)

“I believe whatever doesn’t kill you, simply makes you... stranger.” Cue the most destructive villain known to Gotham City. The character of the Joker has been inhabited by many actors, but the late Heath Ledger did it best, so well in fact that it killed him. Why is he terrifying? Sure, he’s absolutely bonkers and — hey! — a psychopath. But there’s method in his madness, which is perfectly exemplified in his introductory scene. He’s able to pull off a bank heist using a group of thugs that all somehow end up dead. Bank hostages holding live hand grenades, police arriving too late, Batman arriving waaay too late... We see that the Joker’s true talent lies in creating pure chaos. Now smile for me and let me show you how I got these scars.

SCENE 4

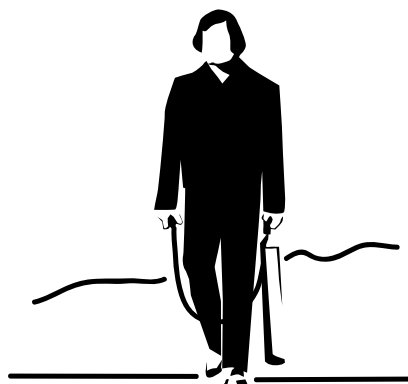


THE LOVE SCENE

THE TERMINATOR (1984)

There is no greater love scene in an action movie, possibly in any movie. This is a scene that really means something, not just the union of two characters, not just the chance to see a lady's breasts. This fuck is vital to the plot. A cyborg is sent back in time to kill Sarah Connor, a scatty waitress, whose future son will lead a rebellion that ends robot rule. The son's most trusted soldier, Kyle Reece, is sent back to stop the titular Terminator. Kyle's a fighter, but he's just a man. The love scene begins emotionally with two confessions, that Kyle is a virgin and that he fell in love with a picture of Sarah given to him by her son. Well known to men, Sarah is in a position of strength for the first time. She takes the lead, and they have proper sexy sex. Later, Kyle is killed. But Sarah is pregnant. Their son will lead the rebellion.

SCENE 5



MOUNTING TENSION

NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN (2007)

Javier Bardem plays the coldest of cold-blooded killers in modern-ish Texas. In his opening scene he strangles a cop while handcuffed, his face a rictus of maniacal glee. He's chasing a cowboy (Josh Brolin), who's absconded with a suitcase of found drug money. Cowboy, holed up in a hotel room, finally figures out why the killer's been hot on his tail: there's a transponder hidden in the loot. And then he hears a noise in the hall. He calls reception and gets no answer. He listens at the door. He pulls his shotgun. He turns off the bedside lamp. He waits in the dark. Footsteps approach and feet are silhouetted in the light under the door. Cowboy cocks his gun. The feet move away. The light in the hallway goes out... We know what's out there and we're scared shitless.

SCENE 6

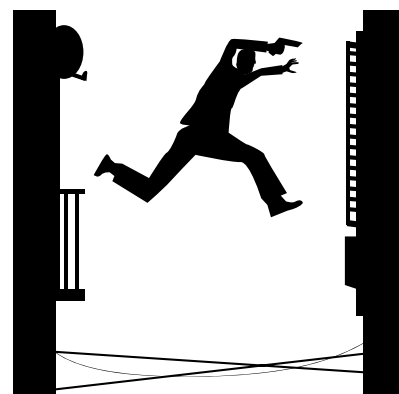


THE MUSICAL INTERLUDE

EX MACHINA (2015)

Like *The Terminator* this film has robots and tits. Unlike *The Terminator*, *Ex Machina* has a full throttle, bug-out dance routine. Dance delights: whether it's twisting at Jack Rabbit Slim's in *Pulp Fiction* or the awesome moment in *Ex Machina* where the smoking hot Asian housegirl gets her groove on with social media genius and robot builder Nathan Bateman (Oscar Isaac). "After a long day of Turing tests you've got to unwind... I'm going to tear up the fucking dance floor dude, check it out." He's not wrong. But it's a sinister scene, too. If you think the guy is batshit crazy, you're not wrong either.

SCENE 7

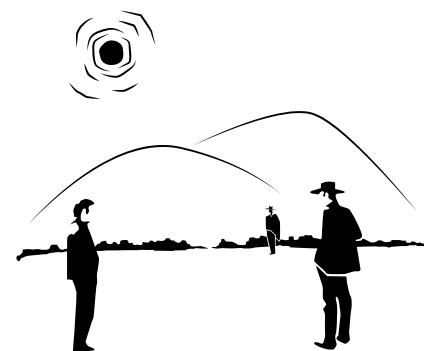


THE HERO'S RETURN

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (2007)

A bomb goes off in Tangier and Jason Bourne (Matt Damon) is blasted against a car, apparently dead. His assailant leaves to kill Jason's ex. Dying and coming back from the dead is a cornerstone of myth and the get-out of every fan-tested movie on the slate. Marvel is always pulling this shit, from Nick Fury to Loki. Anyway, Jason Bourne, having none of death, dusts himself off, evades the police in a rev-tastic motorcycle chase and morphs into a full-blown but somehow very real superhero — leaping from rooftop to rooftop and finally through a fucking window. There, he's immediately plunged into close-quarter kali fisticuffs with a younger, faster assassin... who he beats up with a copy of the Quran and strangles with a towel. Which keeps the girl safe, and that's what matters.

SCENE 8



THE CLIMACTIC SHOOT-OUT

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY (1966)

Every movie in the *Dollars* trilogy ends with a single gunshot. In *The Good...* Clint Eastwood does the shooting — twice. A three-way standoff unfolds in a circular graveyard, the gunmen evenly spread. It should be carnage. The build-up is Ennio Morricone's blaring score over what is little more than a series of still photographs: the faces of the men, their hands on the guns, squinting eyes. Bang! — Clint shoots villain Lee Van Cleef. The movie ends with that other single gunshot. Eli Wallach's belligerent, ratty Mexican bandit Tuco is hanging from a rope around his neck, feet balanced on a wooden grave mark. Clint has ridden off but stops to shoot him down — from about half a mile away and on horseback, mind you. Tuco crashes into his sacks of gold, but scrambles up to scream at Clint: "You dirty son of a ... [cue theme music]."

SCENE 9



DENOUEMENT

PULP FICTION (1994)

Pulp Fiction is a deeply moral movie. Bad guys are killed or ass-raped. A drug-abuser overdoses. Good guys head off into the sunset. Jules, played by Samuel L Jackson, is the moral centre and a bad motherfucker. It's that kind of film. *Pulp Fiction* continually asks what is good, what is right, what is the best: bacon, burgers, coffee, milkshakes, foot massages, heroin, dating the boss's wife, coolness under pressure, the way of life. Jules is the hero because he changes. He dodges death and it has an effect, affords him a moment of clarity. He starts to see a path where he ceases to be the "tyranny of evil men" and can become a shepherd to the lost. He quits shooting people after quoting the bible. He is redeemed. Roll credits.



OH! YOU PRETTY THINGS

PRETTY VICIOUS

VC LONDON

WORDS BY JADE RYALS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIVIANA GOMEZ


Meet Gemma Harrison, Namin Cho and Maite Storni, aka VC London. When you see them gracing the pages of magazines, they're typically portrayed — says Gemma — as “some type of motorcycling Spice Girls feminist group.” Take a look at their Instagram page, which has become a sort of battleground of the sexes. Yet what the fuck is so wrong with a group of girls hanging out, drinking beer, and working on bikes? What is wrong with these women wanting to reach out and show other women the freedom and excitement that comes with completing your CBT and getting on the road, to ride around the curling streets of London or expand out into the countryside on the rolling side roads? Why does every story about women have to be some chalk up to feminism? How about a reality that sees three women just looking forward to their next ride and an ice-cold beer?

VC is based out of a workshop store in Limehouse, east London, which they share with a couple of guys, including Gemma's husband. They fix up bikes, buy them and sell them. They give lessons to novice riders in the car park round the back. They go to bike festivals. Gemma and Namin are both designers in the fashion industry, and they are collaborating on the first collection of VCC, a clothing brand for biker belles, launching in January 2017. Maite is a graphic designer. For all of them, motorcycles are something apart from the day job, gritty, grounded and honest. “I like riding around London,” says Gemma. “Sometimes when I come to the workshop really early in the morning and there's no cars on the road and you're just riding around the city, that's pretty awesome. Or we went out by City Airport and it's quite quiet there and you go over a lot of bridges and it's just the three of us riding and the sun going down. We were all pretty stoked.”

Although they seem like three musketeers, there is an openness and encouragement to other riders, a willingness to share. They offer free advice on the VC London website and host a meet-other-bikers hook-up section. That said, VC does stand for Vicious Cunt.


@vc_london






"YOU'RE NOT FEARLESS ON A MOTORCYCLE. THERE ARE ODD MOMENTS WHEN YOU FEEL REALLY ALIVE — AND IT SOUNDS SUPER CHEESY FOR SURE — BUT IT'S NOT FEARLESS. YOU ALWAYS NEED TO HAVE AN ELEMENT OF FEAR, JUST A TINY BIT, JUST A HEALTHY AMOUNT, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BE AN IDIOT. MOTORBIKES ARE DANGEROUS. YOU CAN'T COMPLETELY FORGET THAT. YOU'D BE SILLY IF YOU DID. THERE ALWAYS NEEDS TO BE THIS ELEMENT OF LIKE, 'WOW, THIS IS FUCKING MENTAL.'"

— GEMMA



"WHEN I STARTED BUILDING MY FIRST BIKE, THAT WAS KIND OF A RELIEF FOR ME AFTER BEING AT WORK ALL DAY. IT WAS JUST SO NICE WHEN I COULD JUST COME HERE AT THE END OF THE DAY AND SPEND ALL EVENING ACTUALLY JUST DOING STUFF FOR YOURSELF."

— NAMIN



"RIDING MY BIKE IS WHEN I EXPERIENCE PURE HAPPINESS BECAUSE I DON'T THINK ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE BUT RIDING MY BIKE. THAT FOR ME IS A HUGE SIDE OF THINGS: MEDITATION. AND I'M JUST HAPPY, SO HAPPY."

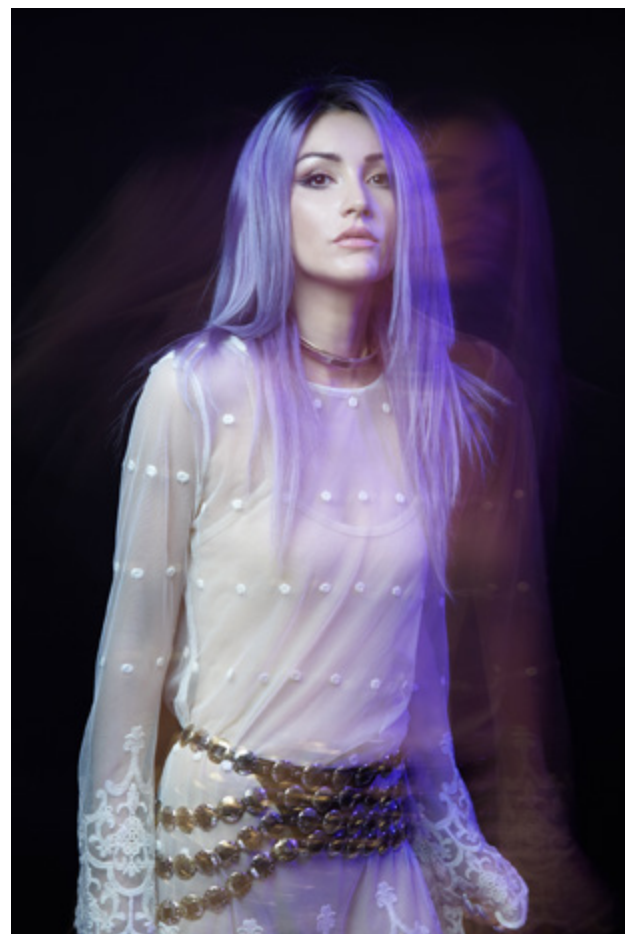
— MAITE



IN BED WITH THEM & US



AMI CARMINE AND LEE MICHAEL ARE KNOWN AS DANCE DUO THEM & US. WE STRIPPED THE COVERS BACK FOR A BRIEF BUT INTIMATE INTERROGATION. PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANI RIOT



DISORDER: What is your elevator pitch?
AMI CARMINE: Them & Us — U.K. electronic, synth/dance duo blending the melodic and ethereal with big bass and heavy beats. We have our new track "Icarus", which we released in August, but we will be getting back in the studio soon to work on new material. Can't wait!

D: What people, places or things inspire you?
AC: Beaches, sunshine, open fields and interesting characters.

LEE MICHAEL: Pharrell inspires me. Lemmy from Motörhead inspires me. Ami inspires me. And cities. I love them.

D: What artists turn you on?

AC: I Love Björk, Bowie, Peter Gabriel, but also newer artists like MØ, Sigur Rós, Fever Ray — I'm a sucker for Scandinavian music.

LM: I can count on one hand the music I don't like tbh. For me it's anything with grit and honesty; music with a message — Ho99o9, Empress Of, Motörhead, Prince, Does It Offend You Yeah?, Slaves, Wiley, The Streets, Run the Jewels. Stuff like that.

D: What is your ultimate ambition?

AC: To make music for the rest of my life and live from my art. I want to be the best musician I can be when I grow up!

LM: To live off what I do and to live without self-inflicted responsibilities.

D: What got you started (aka the secret of your success)?

AC: It's all about passion and dedication. Not giving up when things don't go the way you planned is the key to success in my opinion. Keep rolling and don't fall apart at the first sign of rejection.

LM: What got me started was not wanting to stick to what everyone else was told to do. Even now my attitude is: even if it doesn't always fly, don't be generic.

D: What has been the biggest lesson along the way?

AC: That having a creative talent is only half the battle. There's a lot more work to do behind the scenes than people may believe. I don't mind that though, it makes me feel like I'm accomplishing so much more by learning new and priceless lessons along the way.

LM: Having a goal and a plan A is what it's all about. Never ever have a plan B, or plan A won't happen.

D: Who was your first crush?

AC: God I don't remember my first crush, maybe Boy George? I think I was probably drawn to his quirky dress sense.

LM: I think my first crush was Princess Leia. Naomi Campbell and Jessica Alba were up there in my teens too.

D: Who are your favourite fictional heroes?

AC: Well I got told the other day I looked like Sindel from Mortal Kombat by Big Narstie — so I'll go with her! Although I don't think she's a hero per se, so maybe Supergirl, as I really wish I could fly! I used to have so many flying dreams when I was younger that I actually believed if I tried hard enough I could!

LM: Han Solo, man!! A space pirate and lone survivor? — OOOHYES!

D: What/where do you like to eat or drink?

AC: I love sushi; it's my favourite food in the world. I do love Nobu in Malibu though, right by the water.

LM: I'm all about the Rainbow Bar & Grill on Sunset. When in LA, that's pretty much where you'll find me, haha.

D: Where do you feel most yourself?

AC: I can speak for both of us when I say in the sunshine, with people close to us, and on stage.

D: When are you at your worst? /What is your worst trait?

AC: I'm a Pisces (a sensitive fish), so sometimes I need my own time to recharge. I don't mind my own company. When I'm overtired I can sometimes feel anxious and withdrawn so that's probably my worst trait.

LM: I'm impatient. And often misunderstood because of it. Can't win 'em all, man.

D: What do you hate the most?

AC: I really don't like it when people only need you for as long as they can use you. I'm learning to be a little more cautious of those types of people. I'm a pretty chilled character, so I think I'd change people like that's intentions and motivations. I love helping people up "the ladder" as much as climbing it, and I'm a firm believer of working together to make good things even greater.

LM: People's communities getting turned out because of gentrification, and artists being pushed out of their creative spaces. It's funny how Britain pulls out the "musical

heritage box" for things like the Olympic Games opening/closing shows, yet gives zero support for upcoming acts (believe me, they don't). No morals at all right there.

D: What talent do you wish you had?

AC: I wish I could make sushi rolls as good as a top Japanese chef!

LM: I wish I could ride lightning with an electric guitar, and have the same mindset and training ethic as a Bruce Lee type.

D: What is your dominant characteristic?

AC: Physical or generally?

LM: I'm definitely about motivation and beatboxing. Oh, and my hair lol

AC: Physically I'd say my hair, and generally probably being extremely proactive. And my voice and Northern accent!

D: What do you appreciate most in your friends?

AC: For both of us it's about loyalty, honesty, true nature and sense of humour.

LM: Same. Friends treat you how you treat them. That's what I'm about.

D: What innovation/invention do you love most?

AC: Make-up! Need I say more!?

LM: Mobile phones!

D: Unpaid endorsement: what (piece of clothing/tech etc.) can you recommend (that you've never been paid to endorse or been gifted)?

AC: My Airwair Dr. Martens boots. I could live in them. They are super comfortable and work with pretty much all my clothes!

LM: Great Frog jewellery, without a doubt.

D: What is your idea of happiness?

AC: Sitting on a beach in the Maldives watching a live local band, drinking coconut water from a shell and being with my closest friends and family.

LM: Getting to Universal Studios and jumping on every ride humanly possible and eating donuts, and hitting the town and painting it red.

D: What is your present state of mind?

AC: I'm pretty good at the moment. I'm feeling very determined and super proud of our new single and motivated to get back in the studio to create more!

LM: It's my birthday. We have a show. So no complaints!

D: What would you do if you weren't doing this?

AC: We are actually on the train heading to south London with our friend (music producer) Sri Rao, who's come to visit us for a few days from New York. Music really is our lives... It's what we are nowadays, not what we do. If I wasn't doing music? Hmm... I always said I would have loved to have studied forensics (very different I know!). Although, I'd love to work with animals too!

LM: But as we say — there is no plan B!

@themandusmusic

ANNY BIVAND
SURFER

GODREVY, CORNWALL 06.10.16

WCM

"The sea is such a changeable thing, every day feels different. Sometimes the water is peaceful and calm. Other days just feel like a challenge. Particularly in the winter when the swells are bigger and the water is cold, you get held down for longer. It can be scary. However, I rarely go surfing and come out regretting that I went in. It leaves you feeling very refreshed and in touch with your environment. Riding a wave gives you a strange sense of elation, a very addictive feeling."

PERFORMERS CAPTURED AT THE MOMENT THEY STOP DOING THEIR THING.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY:
WILLIAM COOPER-MITCHELL, LEPA GEORGIEVSKA, & DANI RIOT

COMING OFF STAGE

LG

TIM COMMERFORD
MUSICIAN

BLACKHEART, CAMDEN 27.07.16

"Playing with WAKRAT is the most complete artistic expression I've ever experienced. It is my therapy and it makes me a better person. I fuckin love it!"



**KAT RONSON,
MADELEINE DUNNE,
STEFFANIE FREEDOFF**

ACTORS
COURTYARD THEATRE, HACKNEY 17.06.16

"Coming off stage is always part relief, part euphoria. It's the kind of ecstasy that is always craved, but inevitably forgotten minutes before stepping on stage. Heightened by a sense of pride for ourselves, for each other and achievement that we'd never experienced before, we also create a connection between us – a bizarre bond that felt liberating, unifying and safe. You cannot bottle that feeling."

LG



TOMIWA EDUN
ACTOR

NATIONAL THEATRE, SOUTHBANK 29.09.16

"There's an exhilaration that comes in the wake of a performance. It can take a couple of hours to unwind from that high... But the moments immediately after stepping offstage are mostly filled with uncertainty – wondering what the hell just happened – and then followed with a rush of little discoveries about anything and everything; something I've learned about my character or a revelation about the play and what it's really about; eureka moments about aspects of my life that have nothing to do with the play – realising how best I can help a friend or lighting on exactly what it is I've been craving for dinner all week. It can be pretty wacky, but always interesting!"

DR

THE NIGHT FLOWERS

BAND

THE SOCIAL, FITZROVIA 18.08.16

"The serotonin hit reflected upon in the afterglow of a live performance is quite unlike anything else; as if the shared experience of sound vibrations throughout the band, and audience, and staff, and venue, and whoever else may be chancing upon the scattered waves that depart unto the street, join each and everything touched by said undulation, and for that moment resonate symmetrically and are one, whether choosing to embrace its primal joys — surely a link to the basic foundations of the universe? — or to reject them (though I do not believe that many have left a Night Flowers gig without a smile)."



LG



**TOM DURANT PRITCHARD
& SOPHIE SPREADBURY**

ACTORS
COURTYARD THEATRE, HACKNEY 12.08.16

"The best thing about performing
live is it keeps you out the pub."

LG



MARNIE SCARLET
BURLESQUE PERFORMER
ANDAZ HOTEL, CITY OF LONDON 27.08.16

"The stage and performing
makes me feel alive. It is where
all my creative skills meet
and explode. It is where I can
be whatever I want to be and
express myself totally – I can
be my own creation. The stage
is where I find my ideas and
where I throw my ideas out into
the world! I am a blessed person
to have found the performer life
and that the performer life has
found me."

LG



Nabil El-Nayal

Nabil El-Nayal creates beautiful womenswear. His anecdotes feature some of the most legendary names in fashion, but he is humble and courteous. Even as a student he seduced the industry with prodigious talent and good manners. Awards came thick and fast: the top gong for womenswear at Graduate Fashion Week, the British Fashion Council (BFC) MA scholarship and more recently shortlisted for the LVMH Prize.

He's met the Queen. His clothes have been worn by Lady Gaga and Rihanna. Karl Lagerfeld bought a piece for muse Amanda Harlech. Nabil has stardust: "Karl was unbelievably passionate about my shirts. 'I love it, I love it', he kept saying, feeling the collar through his fingerless gloves. He liked the bonded fabric, how it was pleated, the starch that made it stand up, sculptured. He bought the shirt there and then."

We talk shortly after Nabil's return from Milan, where he showed his SS17 collection, Elizabethan Sportswear Part Three. Three down, three to go. "It's Elizabethan dress and technical sportswear," he says. "The old and the futuristic. I'm consciously fusing technology with Elizabethan craft, and finding something new."

Nabil keeps his collections lean, letting the ideas dictate the number of looks — 10, 12, 16 — not shooting for some commercially driven number. "Sarah Mower [*Vogue* fashion critic] said, 'You don't want to be stocked in every store, you need to find the right showcase.' Our shirts are £1000 plus, it's quite specific where they sell." Nabil Nayal collections are found in stores in Japan, the Middle East, the USA and Italy, in addition to private orders. Everything is made in England: London or the North. He is developing a collaboration for accessories, and toying with menswear. "Elizabethan shirts for guys. Then Karl Lagerfeld can wear them," he says.

Nabil's latest collections meld historical garments with more technical aspects of sportswear. As well as his own label, he is studying a PhD, started in January '15. "My old tutor from Manchester [Metropolitan University] called up asking if I knew anyone who would be interested in a PhD with an emphasis on technology," he says. "I think they had me in mind." Nabil was the first designer in the world to put 3D-printed designs on the catwalk.

As part of his doctorate Nabil is reading French theorist Gilles Deleuze: metaphysics, epistemology and transformation of "the image of thought". It's the now-hot concept of disruption, which Nabil uses to facilitate his ideas, take his visualisations of garments into new space in the



"I made clothes
out of fabric in the
house until we had
run out of curtains.
Mum thought it was
marvellous."

mind — 3D scanning is at the heart of the project. "Dresses are limited to their form, which is very frustrating," he says. "When I'm designing, there is so much potential, what they could be. I'm now looking at the creative process in reverse, having a sleeve that comes off and can be reattached, giving people licence to continue designing the garment."

"It's about wearing the clothes in a realistic way. At the end of the day, I'm creating clothes — it's worth remembering. If I was just designing museum pieces, I'd never leave museums. I'd live in Prato or the V&A."

Nabil's father is Syrian, his mother English. His earliest memory is sitting on rolls of fabric at his father's shop in Syria, aged about two-years-old. "I can still see all the prints, colours and textures really clearly." His passion for clothing creation was born. "I made clothes out of fabric in the house until we had run out of curtains. Not that mum complained. She thought it was marvellous. 'Yes, make me a dress.' I made a wedding dress out of net curtains... without using a needle."

His house in Syria was on a farm adjoining a factory that weaved and knitted fabric. Fashion education seeped in, understanding where the materials came from, grown on the farm, processed in the factory. At six, seven, eight, he was sketching designs. "I still have those hideous designs in a file somewhere," he says. As he grew older, he got more into art, his mum's passion. But Syria didn't offer much creative opportunity — doctor, lawyer, dentist were more the tone. At school he struggled with the academic life, but came home and created, made stuff, was happy. For the son, the family moved from Aleppo to Sheffield in 1998, aged 14. "I was into GCSEs and it was so different. There were actually classes in art."

Ten years later and Nabil won the BFC's MA scholarship: Christopher Bailey on the panel recruited him as an assistant/researcher for Burberry Prorsum. "I wasn't submerged in fashion until I went to Burberry. Before it was projects, now there were tech specs and taking designs through the factory. I finished at Burberry on the Sunday of Fashion Week, and on the Monday

started my MA at the Royal College of Art." The back-to-back assignments at the RCA taught Nabil to be less precious, more prolific. He describes it as the hardest two years of his life, but came good — his final collection was bought entirely and exclusively by Harrods.

Early on, Nabil was well regarded for his civility. Fabric mills talked about the nice boy who had requested some cloth, offering in return credit in the lookbook, the garment after the show. Slight of frame and softly spoken, he is an unlikely but adroit networker, and has the lightness of touch to engage people at all levels of the industry, not only the stars. "We're all human beings and we have to get on together. A thank you goes a long way. There are only so many designers — the ones that do well are the ones that do things right."

Poacher turned gamekeeper, Nabil is now on the panel of the BFC Education Foundation. He says: "The students coming through impressed me by having a real strategic approach. I spent £3000-£4000 on my final collection, some of them are spending £300-£400. You don't have to go all-out to make it better. Creativity is the important thing — innovation."

In fact, Nabil wants fashion to rein it back: "There's no reason to rush. Enjoy the process. New ideas can't be rushed. We are going much more towards slower fashion, two seasons. There is so much out there, so much noise. Being transparent, sustainability, doing justice to the creative ideas... I go back and research fashion from 400 years ago; I want people in 400 years to do that to mine."

He talks about a lady called Jean, in her sixties, in and out of fashion manufacturing her whole life. As the industry shrank she would be made redundant, go work in Tesco, then find a job back in fashion. "I want to preserve and nurture craft techniques. I want to keep people like Jean in fashion work," he says.

"When I met Karl Lagerfeld, I had this moment of clarity," he says. "I was sharing ideas with another human being, a human being who happens to be called Karl Lagerfeld. That reassures me in a way." @nabilnayal

lindsey



stirling!

Lindsey Stirling is a violinist, a pop star and a pocket rocket. She arrived at *Disorder* Towers a bundle of energy, charming all, despite flying in from the States only the day before and an early morning call-time with breakfast TV. Diving into the rail of clothes for our shoot, she displayed an appetite for costume, notably a dress with breastplate that was more than a little *Game of Thrones*. These things are supposed to be fun, right?

Do what you love is a familiar maxim that Lindsey has turned into an unusual career. Tiring of the classical violin scene, she developed her own music, mixing in hip hop, pop and dance, her own look, became her own creative director, a genre-bender with a stringed instrument. Even as an established artist, she remains the source and action of her own stage shows. She makes videos that look like *Lord of the Rings* or *The Magnificent Seven*. Though signed to Universal Music, she is refreshingly independent and individual. Eight and a half million YouTube followers can't be wrong.

Despite the talent and graft, the vision and success, Lindsey has endured her share of knocks. She wrote the book on anorexia — well, co-wrote a best-selling autobiography, *The Only Pirate At The Party* — and has been open in discussing the condition, like few sufferers have. Her song "Shatter Me" is a reflection on the disease. Her bandmate and bestfriend Jason Gaviati died in 2015, after a battle with lymphoma, a type of cancer, a tragedy that influenced and shaped her latest album, *Brave Enough*.

"The themes that I'm presenting are about vulnerability and learning to face life with an open heart," she says. "My last album was about breaking down the walls around you and

for me that was my past. I overcame anorexia and depression and you know I had to break through these very thick walls and learn who I was inside."

Lindsey's speech is peppered with "y'know" and "kinda". She puts a zesty inflection on words such as "joy" and "happiness", so you have a real jolt of uplift when she drops one of these posi-bombs. The excitement she feels as a successful artist shine in the imagery she expresses, as when she says of her stage shows: "When the ideas start bursting in my head I can't hand it over to someone else, I love it too much."

Here is an artist that is working on herself as a good person as hard as she's working at her craft and spectacle. "We cover ourselves with so many layers of protection in our lives, and it's about learning which layers you can peel back, and not. I've learned that you can't numb emotion selectively. If you numb the bad you'll numb the good and life becomes a grey palette. But life is about feeling the full spectrum. It's about dealing with the hard emotions and experiencing them and working through them. And that's how you can experience the brightest joy in life," she says.

While professional irritant Piers Morgan made her cry on a TV talent show, worse still were Lindsey's issues with food and weight. She says: "I struggled with anorexia for so long because I was so used to the way my mind thought.

"That was my reality; that was how everyone thought. But when you realise there are other ways to think, that this doesn't have to be the way it is, that you can actually change the way you think and change the emotions that you create, that these are practiced patterns within ourselves... Then whatever it is you want to change within yourself, you can."

**“The reason
I’ve succeeded,
100%, is the very
reason that
everyone told
me I wouldn’t.”**



DRESS BY ONG-OAJ PAIRAM
HARNESS BY
ADA ZANDITON COUTURE
SHOES BY JF LONDON

The loss of Jason Gaviati happened just as she was beginning this realignment in her thinking, her journey of wholeheartedness, testing her commitment to opening up and to vulnerability. They had toured together for four years, him her keyboard player, spending a lot of time together, buddies, the bestest.

“I had never felt that sort of heartache before and that kind of loss,” she says. “And more than ever I wanted to numb myself because I’d rather not feel anything than feel that kind of pain. But I worked through it — everything from talking to a therapist to going and actually sitting and being with family and mourning the loss. And then it went from hurt and anger and just pure sorrow into starting to realise gratitude — wow, I had this amazing person in my life, y’know? How lucky am I that I got to spend years with him? At first when I started writing it was so sad. And then I was like, that’s not how he wants to be remembered! So I started writing about what I am learning from him. There is life after loss, and there is hope after loss.”

Listening to *Brave Enough* is a curiously upbeat experience, as is spending time with Lindsey. Despite all the heartache, she’s just so perky. Check it out:

“I love dancing,” she says. “That’s why I like EDM music so much cos I’m such a white girl that I have to dance to white girl music. I haven’t got enough groove to dance to much else than straight-up EDM.

“I love a chocolate milkshake,” she says. “If I could only have one thing the rest of my life it would probably be a chocolate milkshake.

“I love Sam from *Lord of the Rings*,” she says. “I love Sam because he was the true best friend. No matter what happened he was true, he was there. He’s not the main character of the book, he’s not the one who gets all the glory, he’s not the one who carried the burden of the Ring. And yet he did. Sam represents the unsung hero that’s true and strong no matter what.”

Lindsey has a Samwise-ish resilience, and for a time the violin must have seemed like her burden. She’s played the instrument since she was six years old — classical training, orchestras, black tie n tails. On the eve of going to college, she had a revelation: she didn’t love it any more. Playing classical music is playing music that’s hundreds of years old, the same

PHOTOGRAPHY: LEPA GEORGIEVSKA

HAIR & MAKE-UP: SARAH MCILWAIN-BATES USING
URBAN DECAY COSMETICS AND UNITE HAIRCARE
FASHION ASSISTANTS: FRANCESCA ATENDIDO,
AGATHE DE VICTOR



“When the ideas start bursting in my head I can’t hand it over to someone else, I love it too much.”



OPPOSITE:
DRESS BY
ONG-OAJ PAIRAM
HARNESS BY
UNA BURKE
SHOES BY MELISSA

THIS PAGE:
BLAZER AND GILET BY
JAMES LAKELAND

way it has been played for hundreds of years. She quit, deciding not to study music. But the music called. All kinds. She joined a country band. She joined an indie rock band. She jammed with dance: movement and violin, costumes and violin. All her hobbies were mixed together like pasta primavera: dance, costumes, videography, all the music. It went through her violin and her passion was reborn.

“Everyone said I was too different and that different was a bad thing,” says Lindsey. “But the reason I’ve succeeded, 100%, is the very reason that everyone told me I wouldn’t succeed. Why do people come to my show? They say, because it’s different, they had to see it. Why do people like my music? They say it’s unique, they’ve never heard anything like it. The message I love to share: you’re happiest, you’re at your best when you’re true to your authentic self.”

Despite the minor business of creating her own musical genre and rising to the top of the tree, Lindsey still has ambitions. She almost

hyperventilates with excitement when she talks about one: “I’d love to do a Vegas show one day. For like a year. A residency. Partially because I’d like to have a family one day, get married, have kids. And the idea of being able to have a residence in Vegas is a very appealing, awesome idea.” Here’s an Arizona girl, barely 30, realising she has the power to pull a year-long gig in Las Vegas. To perform every day: “Being on stage, this is my purpose in life and I have this moment of such happiness and such excitement and I feel almost like I’m glowing cos I’m doing what I was created to do. And it’s like this is the truest form of myself.”

Above all, Lindsey emanates the sense of personal and professional development. She deeply feels herself recalibrating as a person, as an artist — can almost hear it, see it: “My biggest fear every time I do a tour or an album is, what if I’ve used up all my ideas? But it’s amazing that the ideas continually come and fans continually come. So that’s my biggest dream, that I just keep growing as a musician.” @lindseystirling



COAT BY EMMA BREWIN
BRA BY WEEKDAY
TIGHTS BY ITEM M6

EAT ME DRINK ME BITE ME

PHOTOGRAPHY: ARMIN WEISHEIT
FASHION: REBEKAH ROY
HAIR AND MAKE-UP: SAMANTHA COLES
USING RIMMEL AND LABEL M
FASHION ASSISTANT: HANNAH CROWDER
MODEL: CHARLOTTE MASLIN @ STORM MANAGEMENT

THIS PAGE:
SWEATER BY
CHINTI & PARKER
TROUSERS BY RIVER ISLAND

OPPOSITE:
COAT BY PARKA LONDON
DRESS BY BARRUS





THIS PAGE:
JACKET BY MANGO
T-SHIRT BY RIVER ISLAND
CHOKER BY HELEN MOORE
SKIRT BY ONG-OAJ PAIRAM

OPPOSITE:
JUMPER BY PETER JENSEN
SKIRT BY PEPE JEANS





OPPOSITE:
JACKET & SKIRT
BY MARC CAIN

THIS PAGE:
COAT BY WOOLRICH
DRESS BY
ONG-OAJ PAIRAM
SUNGLASSES BY
RAY-BAN

COAT AND JUMPER BY PAUL
AND JOE SISTER
JEANS BY CAINE LONDON
SOCKS BY STANCE
BOOTS BY TIMBERLAND

STONE COLD

PHOTOGRAPHY: JETHRO MARSHALL
FASHION: REBEKAH ROY
HAIR & MAKE-UP: SARAH MCILWAIN-BATES USING
URBAN DECAY COSMETICS AND UNITE HAIRCARE
PHOTOGRAPHY ASSISTANT: BORIS HALLVIG
FASHION ASSISTANT: FRANCESCA ATENDIDO
MODEL: FRANKIE MASON @ IMG



PARKA BY PENFIELD
TOP BY ALBAM



JACKET BY ONEPIECE
JEANS BY NYDJ
SHIRT BY MONKI
JUMPER BY PAUL & JOE SISTER
BOOTS BY TIMBERLAND



DUNGAREES BY MISS SIXTY
TOP BY ALBAM
BOOTS BY TIMBERLAND

OPPOSITE:
DUFFLE COAT BY GLOVERALL
JUMPER BY SAMSOE & SAMSOE



HEATHER WEARS:
JACKET BY RIVER ISLAND
BODY SUIT BY LISA MAREE
GRACE WEARS:
BODYSUIT BY BOOHOO

PHOTOGRAPHY: NALE MICHELA
FASHION: FRANCESCA ATENDIDO
HAIR & MAKE-UP: CLAIRE PORTMAN USING CLINIQUE AND OJON
FASHION ASSISTANTS: DOMENICA DELFINI & DASHA KUZNETSOVA
HAIR & MAKE-UP ASSISTANT: CATERINA PELLE
MODELS: JAMES & GRACE @ MODELS1
FIFI & HEATHER @ PROFILE

HEART OF GLASS



JAMES WEARS:
SHIRT BY SCOTCH &
SODA, TROUSERS
& VEST BY FARAH

HEATHER WEARS:
JACKET BY BOOHOO



JACK WEARS JACKET BY K-WAY
T-SHIRT BY ROBERT CARY-WILLIAMS
JEANS BY CHEAP MONDAY
DOWN JACKET BY K-WAY
TRAINERS BY PUMA

BOYS IN THE GUTTER

PHOTOGRAPHY: STEFANIE CALLEJA-GERA
FASHION: REBEKAH ROY
HAIR & MAKE-UP: EVAN HUANG USING MAC COSMETICS & LABEL M
FASHION ASSISTANT: FRANCESCA ATENDIDO
MODELS: LU AKINWALE & JACK SAUNDERS © FIRSTMODELMANAGEMENT



OPPOSITE:
LU WEARS JACKET, HOODIE
& T-SHIRT BY RIVER ISLAND
TROUSERS BY SCOTCH & SODA
BOOTS BY RM WILLIAMS
BEANIE BY SAMSOE & SAMSOE
SOCKS BY SCOTCH & SODA

THIS PAGE:
JACK WEARS JACKET
BY CHEAP MONDAY
HOODIE BY PUMA



LU WEARS COAT BY
SAMSOE & SAMSOE
JEANS BY EVISU
BOOTS BY BASE LONDON
SOCKS BY SCOTCH AND SODA

ALL HAIL THE VELL



ALL CLOTHES: YASMIN VAN-SMITH PHOTOGRAPHY: DARREN BLACK

FASHION: REBEKAH ROY HAIR & MAKE-UP: NIKKI STRINGER USING MAC COSMETICS FASHION ASSISTANT: FRANCESCA ATENDIDO CASTING BY DEAN @ THEGOODMANCREATIVE

THIS PAGE: SHOES BY CONVERSE SOCKS BY NIKE

OPPOSITE: BOOTS BY CAT SOCKS BY NIKE





GRAFFITI COLOUR

PHOTOGRAPHY: YOSHITAKA KONO
FASHION: REBEKAH ROY
HAIR & MAKE-UP: CARL STANLEY USING REVLO N PROFESSIONAL & NARS
FASHION ASSISTANTS: FRANCESCA ATENDIDO & AGATHE DE VICTOR

ALL CLOTHES: CHLOE JACKSON
GRADUATE FROM NOTTINGHAM TRENT UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE FASHION WEEK RECIPIENT OF THE N BROWN TEXTILE AWARD

SUNGLASSES BY LINDA FARROW
TRAINERS BY PUMA



WATCH BY SWATCH



HAT BY BERNSTOCK SPEIRS



TRAINERS BY NEW BALANCE



FEATHER BRALETTE BY LOVE KHAOS
FROM SHOWROOMSSHORDITCH.COM
NECKLACE BY EMI NORIS

MODEL: AALIYAH HYDES
© FIRSTMODELMANAGEMENT

INNER CITY CASUAL

PHOTOGRAPHY: MICHAEL COLLINS
CREATIVE DIRECTION: HANNA GEAR





THIS PAGE:
CACHE WEARS
TOP BY FILA
TROUSERS
BY TOPMAN

PREVIOUS:
AARON WEARS
JACKET BY FILA
FUR COAT BY
THE NEW COUNTY



ISAAC WEARS
HOODIE BY FILA

ISAAC WEARS
TOP BY FILA



MODELS: AARON WILLIAMS,
CACHE THAKE, ISAAC STRANGE
@ HMG MODELS



CACHE WEARS
T-SHIRT & SHORTS BY KAPPA,
FUR COAT BY THE NEW COUNTY
TRAINERS BY REEBOK CLASSICS,
SOCKS BY PUMA

THE VEILS

THE VEILS ARE A LONDON-BASED ALTERNATIVE ROCK TROUPE KNOWN FOR THEIR MANIC STAGE SHOWS. WITH THEIR NEW ALBUM *TOTAL DEPRAVITY* OUT NOW, SINGER-SONGWRITER FINN ANDREWS KINDLY TAKES TIME OUT FROM SCARING PEOPLE TO ANSWER **CHRISTINE REYNOLDS'** QUESTIONS.

DISORDER: What is your elevator pitch?

FINN ANDREWS: I'm not sure what that means; can I just stand in the corner and push all the buttons?

D: What people, places or things inspire you?

FA: Nina Simone and Bitcoins.

D: What is your ultimate ambition?

FA: I suppose I'd just like to be great at one thing. Songwriting is an apprenticeship for a very long time, perhaps until the day you die. I'd like to be great at it at the moment — I can't do it anymore.

D: What artists turn you on?

FA: There are many, of course. Rokia Traorè, Nicola Samorì, Francis Ford-Coppola, Run the Jewels, Shuggie Otis, James Brown, Francis Bacon. I should probably stop just listing stuff now.

D: What's the secret of your success?

FA: Oh please, we really aren't anywhere near successful enough for that question. Kindly just go ask The Black Keys.

D: What has been the biggest surprise along the way?

FA: I think that you will not know the secret to anything ever. That's a difficult idea to take on, but I'm getting used to it and even enjoying it.

D: Who was your first crush?

FA: Snow White. I was five.

D: What fictional character can you most relate to?

FA: I'd like to think I'm somewhere between Don Quixote and Homer Simpson.

D: What/where do you like to eat or drink?

FA: Home. Home for everything.

D: What is your worst trait?

FA: Anxiety is a curse I wish I could lift, but I think it's just something I'll always have. It leads to all kinds of troubles in life that really are of no use at all.

D: What is your idea of happiness?

FA: An old piano.

D: What is your present state of mind?

FA: I'm happy today. The mind feels good.

D: What would you do if you were not doing music?

FA: I'd really just like to be good at one of the many things I'm bad at. Mathematics or gymnastics, I still can't decide.

theveils.com



SEAN GORMLEY

SEAN GORMLEY IS CREATIVE DIRECTOR OF WRANGLER JEANS EUROPE. HE'S MADE IN ESSEX, TRAINED AT CENTRAL ST MARTIN'S, WORKS IN BELGIUM, SPLITS HIS TIME BETWEEN LONDON AND ANTWERP. HE LOVES DENIM AND MOTORCYCLES.

DISORDER: What are you working on right now?

SEAN GORMLEY: Bringing creativity to a corporation.

D: What people, places or things inspire you?

SG: Old friends, new places and real experiences.

D: What artists turn you on?

SG: I've always loved the impressionists, Édouard Manet's my pick.

D: What is your ultimate ambition?

SG: My goal is to die young as late as possible.

D: What got you started?

SG: I'm competitive — that has steered some key choices through important years. And a slice of luck.

D: What has been the biggest surprise along the way?

SG: No-one has a definitive answer, and margin is design's arch-enemy.

D: Who was your first crush?

SG: Cindy Crawford.

D: Who are your favourite fictional heroes?

SG: My heroes are all real.

D: What do you like to eat or drink?

SG: The perfect combo would be home cooked Italian food and a country pub for a pint.

D: Where/when do you feel most yourself?

SG: In deepest Essex reunited with family.

D: When are you at your worst?

SG: Stuck in traffic, waiting in line and losing time. Time is the most precious thing.

D: What do you hate the most?

SG: The sham that coffee cups are not recycled. Unbelievable mess and consumers are not to blame.

D: What talent do you wish you had?

SG: I'd like to be handier at fixing things. I'm completely useless at DIY.

D: What is your dominant characteristic?

SG: Calm as a cucumber. Until I get stressed.

D: What do you appreciate most in your friends?

SG: Support and humour.

D: What innovation/invention do you love most?

SG: Right now, Instagram.

D: Unpaid endorsement: what can you recommend?

SG: Has to be the iPhone, when it's fully charged.

D: What is your idea of happiness?

SG: Being content.

D: What is your present state of mind?

SG: Almost content.

D: What would you do if you were not doing this?

SG: Paying more attention to the fashion shoot that's happening all around me. Gotta go!

@outpostsean



HOLLIE COOK

THE DAUGHTER OF A SEX PISTOL, THE GOD-DAUGHTER OF BOY GEORGE, SINGER HOLLIE COOK HAS HER OWN VIBE: CALL IT TROPICAL POP. NOW WORKING ON HER THIRD ALBUM, HOLLIE CAUGHT UP WITH DISORDER JUST LONG ENOUGH TO ANSWER 20 QUESTIONS.

DISORDER: What are you working on right now?
HOLLIE COOK: I'm currently working on a new album. It's been a while since I did that.

D: What people, places or things inspire you?
HC: The children in my life inspire me! They keep it very real. I also find being somewhere very green and open, or near a body of water very calming, and the mental clarity generally draws inspiration too.

D: What artists turn you on?
HC: Rihanna. I just think she's great.

D: Who do you want to be when you grow up?
HC: I don't care for growing up too much. But if I had to choose I'd be me, in the strongest and most awesome way I could be.

D: What got you started?
HC: Being drawn to the things I enjoy. I just had the patience for music that I lacked everywhere else. Because I enjoy it the most and it makes me happy. So naturally that's the incentive to persevere.

D: What has been the biggest surprise along the way?
HC: That I do not feel comfortable being the centre of attention! But that's ok.

D: Who was your first crush?
HC: Michelangelo from Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. He was a party dude and loved pizza.

D: What fictional character can you most relate to?
HC: Pippi Longstocking. She was all about rocking in the free world.

D: What/where do you like to eat or drink?
HC: At home. I love going out to eat, but something about cooking makes me feel very grounded and normal.

D: Where/when do you feel most yourself?
HC: At home. It's just my safe place. I travel a lot so coming home again makes me feel very grounded and normal.

D: When are you at your worst?
HC: When I am extremely overtired. I can lose my temper or cry a lot at things when I'm so tired.

D: What would you most like to change in the world?
HC: Probably the people who run it. And the way we treat our planet and the state she is in.

D: What talent do you wish you had?
HC: Being able to speak many languages.

D: What is your dominant characteristic?
HC: I think the word "dominant" contradicts all aspects of my personality. I'm a wallflower! It takes me a long time to come out of myself... So I guess shyness.

D: What do you appreciate most in your friends?
HC: Feeling relaxed and comfortable around them. The fact that they make me laugh all the time. My friends are very silly and funny.

D: What innovation/invention do you love most?
HC: The ones that save our planet. There are some clever people out there making some beautiful, clever shit that could change [the world].

D: Unpaid endorsement: what can you recommend (that you've never been paid to endorse or been gifted)?
HC: I really like my NutriBullet [smoothie machine]!

D: What is your idea of happiness?
HC: Travelling the world with friends making music.

D: What is your present state of mind?
HC: To not take things too seriously. Life is short.

D: What would you do if you were not doing music?
HC: I'd like to have been an aerial performer, which I suppose is still artistic or creative. Or a masseuse.

@hollicookie



ATSUKO KUDO

THE COUTURE LATEX DESIGNER REPRESENTS AN OASIS OF GLAMOUR AND EXCITEMENT ON LONDON'S HOLLOWAY ROAD. FAMOUS FANS INCLUDE KATE MOSS, KATY PERRY, KIM KARDASHIAN, LADY GAGA, BEYONCE... ATSUKO KUDO SUCCUMBS TO OUR 20 QUESTIONS.



PORTRAIT: SIMON HOARE
RUNWAY IMAGES: ANDREW LAMB, 7 BAR FOUNDATION

DISORDER: What are you working on right now?

ATSUKO KUDO: Some secret projects and some Halloween spectacles!

D: What people, places or things inspire you?

AK: Love and open-mindedness.

D: What artists turn you on?

AK: The Japanese artist Yayoi Kusama is cool. But I love so many others — Christian Dior, Coco Chanel, Vivienne Westwood. And I love the film *In the Mood for Love* by Wong Kar-wai.

D: What is your ultimate ambition?

AK: I want to make the world a shinier place.

D: What is the secret of your success?

AK: Don't take no for an answer. Great things never come easy. Try your best all the time.

D: What has been the biggest surprise/lesson along the way?

AK: When you keep trying at it you can actually make a difference. It's important to work with great people.

D: Who was your first crush?

AK: Someone from school. Long time ago now.

D: Who is your favourite fictional hero?

AK: Catwoman.

D: What do you like to eat or drink?

AK: I like drinking wine with Western food and if it's Japanese or Oriental I may go with sake or even sometimes prosecco.

D: Where do you feel most yourself?

AK: When I am at home.

D: When are you at your worst?

AK: I cannot let things go easily, but that works for both good and bad ways — I think!

D: What would you most like to change in the world?

AK: So sad that I feel the world is going to a crazy place at the moment. Brexit is a nightmare and so are Trump and Putin. Love is the answer.

D: What talent do you wish you had?

AK: If I could dance...

D: What is your dominant characteristic?

AK: Obsession.

D: What do you appreciate most in your friends?

AK: I am so lucky to have a great husband, friends and co-workers. Thanks for their support and inspiration.

D: What innovation/invention do you love most?

AK: Creating new techniques and styles with latex.

D: Unpaid endorsement: what can you recommend?

AK: I have vintage dresses, which I would highly recommend but which you can't find again. Maybe that's part of the appeal.

D: What is your idea of happiness?

AK: Be yourself and be with people you love.

D: What is your present state of mind?

AK: Busy.

D: What would you do if you were not doing this?

AK: Maybe motherhood...

@atsukokudolatex



FROM THE PIT

IMAGES FROM THE FRONT LINE OF LIVE MUSIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANI QUESADA & ANDREW JENNER



KING GIZZARD AND THE LIZARD WIZARD

DQ



DQ

GOAT GIRL





PUZZLE

AJ



AJ

ELLE EXXE

MARILYN

What would you say is the biggest difference today to life in the 80s?

We're so plugged into technology; we're missing things. It feels less real. I don't want to be a part of the mainstream, the matrix — people keeping tabs on me, knowing where I am, where I've been. I locked myself in a room for 20 years. I spent my time watching the world through my computer. It's no fun in there believe me. Today it feels like as I'm coming out, everyone else is going in.

What were you like as a child?

I was very pretty. Huge heart, very sensitive, full of wonder. My mother was told she could never have children. Because of this, I always felt that I was a mistake. That negativity can go very wrong if it's not kept in check. Someone said to me a while ago that I was a gift to my mum, but I didn't choose to look at it like that when I was younger. Of course, today I think I was. To my mother [starts to laugh] and to the world!

When did you become aware that your looks could be an asset?

I used to go to the Embassy Club in London. One night I was sitting on a stool that had a spotlight above. Across the bar there was a group of guys. One looked at me and shouted, "Oh my God! He's absolutely stunning. Stay like that. Don't ever move. I would like to have him, in my front room, on that stool, with that light!" My experiences up to that point were terrible but at that moment, in that club... that was the catalyst. If a little bit of lip rouge can get that reaction, I wondered, what would happen if I put on a little bit of blusher?

Was fame always big on your agenda?

I never set out to be famous. I just wanted to be wonderful. Marilyn Monroe said that. It's how I felt. I just wanted to feel good.

What was the reality of life as an addict?

The physical agony of addiction is prolonged. You start taking drugs to escape a situation but then you have to take the drugs before the pain kicks in. You feel like you're going to die. Every molecule of your body is screaming, FEED ME DRUGS! Your whole life becomes about finding the money to get the drugs to stop the withdrawal pains... You can't think, you're puking, muscle spasms, almost dying, in and out of hospital. Your whole life is that.

AN ICONIC CHARACTER FROM THE EIGHTIES' BLITZ CLUB SCENE, SINGER & POSEUR MARILYN WAS BORN PETER ROBINSON IN JAMAICA. HE HAS RECENTLY RELEASED A SINGLE WITH LIFELONG ALLY BOY GEORGE, "LOVE OR MONEY (JOHN THEMIS RUFFNECK MIX)". HE TALKS DEMONS, DRUGS & REVIVAL WITH KATHY NARAYAN WEBB.



Where did the courage come from to stop?

I realised I could either stay the same or die. It got to a point where neither was acceptable. I was so close to death, so often and for so long, but I couldn't quite take that last step. I was brought up Catholic. I was taught that, if you kill yourself, you don't go to heaven, you don't go to hell — you go to purgatory. It's grey, cold, there's nothing there and it goes on forever. There's no reprieve. This was the one thing that stopped me checking out.

What advice do you have for youth today?

Question everything. Not only in the classroom. Look outside: that's where real life is. Build relationships with your family — whoever you feel close to. Build friendships and strong connections with people. Learn how to trust. How to give love, how to receive it.

What's the best thing about right now, that wasn't around when you were younger?
Me.

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